

SPY



Real Estate

WILL TRUMP BE PUNISHED?

CAN ANYONE BE A FASHION DESIGNER?

By Holly Brubach

IMPOSTORS!

CAN ANYONE BE AN ARTIST?

By Guy Martin

HUNTIN' AND FISHIN' IN CENTRAL PARK

DOWNHILL: PETER UEBERROTH

...everybody wears
these days. Design-
ing them shouldn't be
difficult. All it takes is a
sense of taste, a couple of
issues of Vogue for in-
spiration and an HB pencil.
(what the profession-
al designers use
(previous article). And
all SPY's amateur de-
signers had available, too. A
psychologist, a psychotherapist,
an investment banker, a
writer and an art historian
and the wild! and ele-
phant! and altogether

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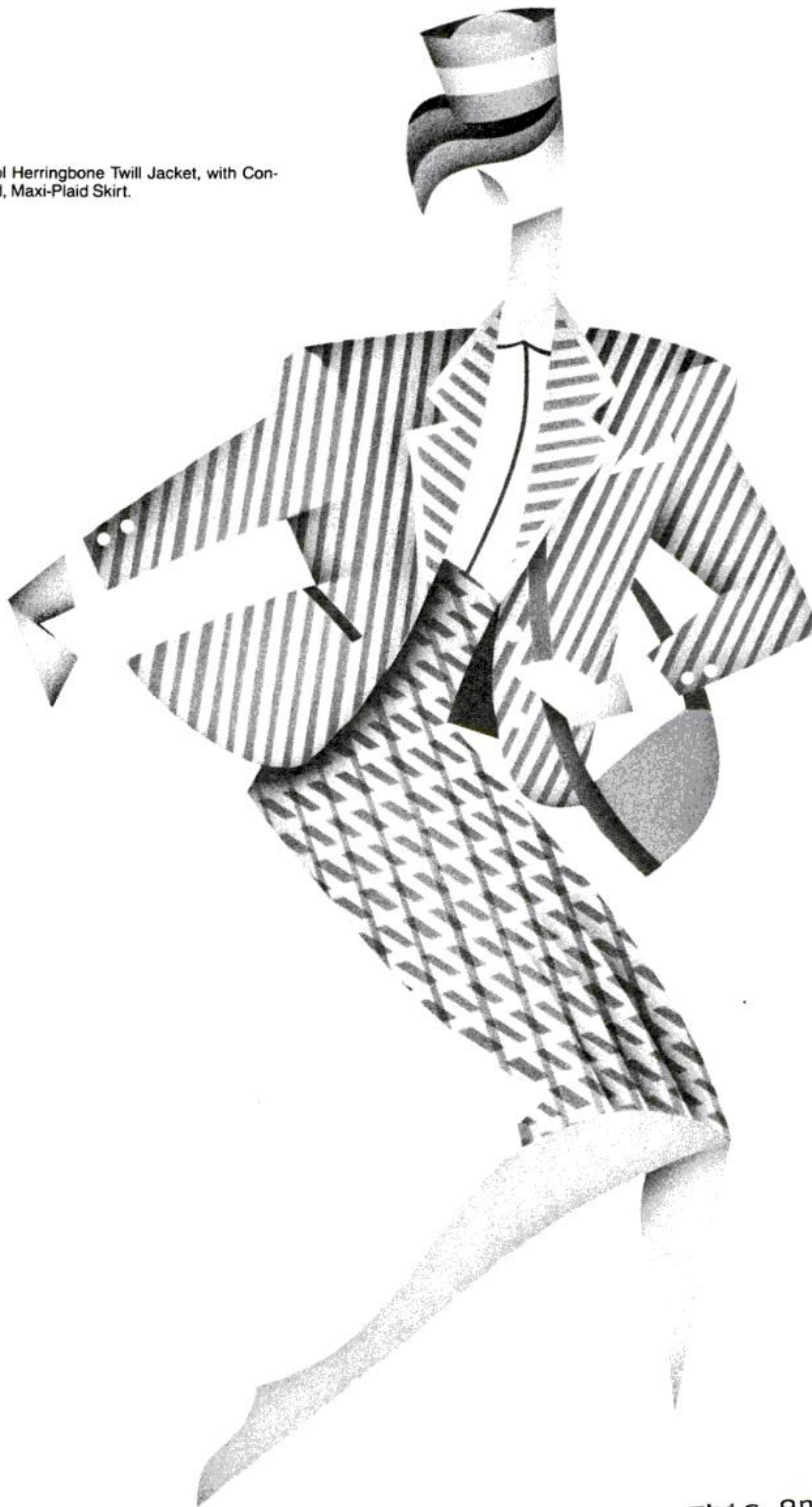


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Lonie Strahler.

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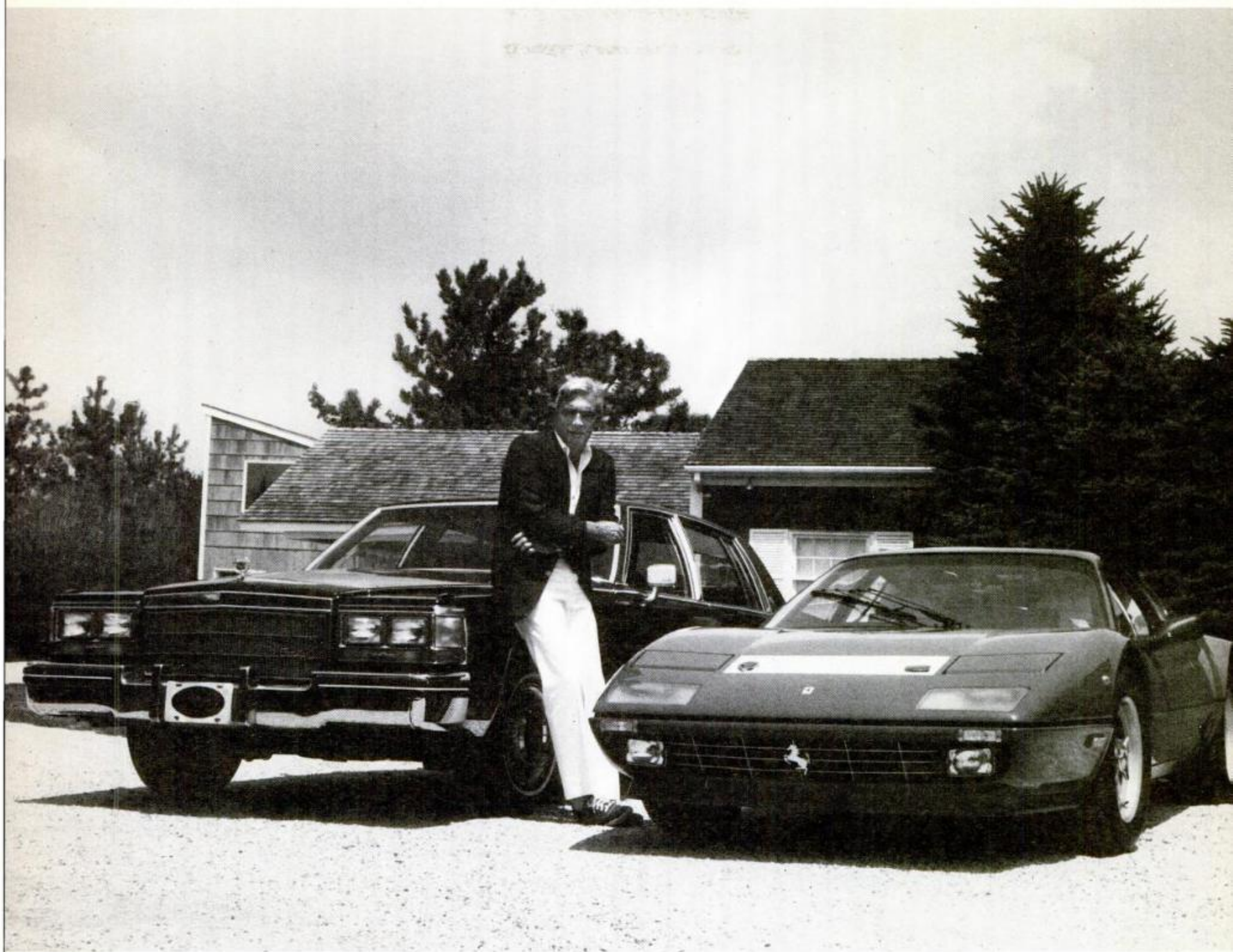
OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By ROY BLOUNT JR. 52

NOVEMBER 1986

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THE MOODY DESIGNER

Famous fashion designer John Weitz is not really moody. We photographed him with two cars which reflect his moods. The one on the left, his Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham, is there for his business life, and the one on the right, his Ferrari Boxer 512i, for his playful mood.

John Weitz has always been a man who understands other men and their needs, hobbies and interests. . . because he shares them. This is how he stays one of the world's leading men's fashion designers and why men trust him. He always seems to be in the picture.



THE SAINT, THE SPOT

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

233 EAST SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 212 477-0866



NOVEMBER'S STOCK MARKET CRASH MAY NOT HAPPEN AFTER ALL, DESPITE THOSE EARLY-AUTUMN TREMORS. BUT IF THE DOW-JONES average does do a quick sink below 1,000 before Thanksgiving, say, do you suppose that today's breed of financial speculator will have the good grace to expire along with the economy? These new robber barons tend to be either extremely fit (Ivan Boesky works out at the Harvard Club on 44th Street, a privilege purchased with large donations to the university) or grossly fat; either way, they are equipped with all the brawn necessary to fling a Quotron terminal through the penthouse plate-glass window and dive



November's Stock Market

out after it. Look, up there! It's the Goodyear bl—it's Saul Steinberg! *Run for it!*

But why dwell on the ugly and the unpleasant at this season? Let us give thanks—thanks that *The Hollywood Squares* is returning to television starring John Davidson; thanks that, at long last, we have a national flower; thanks that the United Nations is back in session, and world peace is once again safeguarded; thanks that, at least in Brooklyn, New York police have succeeded spectacularly in taking the crack trade out of the hands of street criminals.

In fact, America's drug traffickers must really be panicking now. A man whose own fortune also derives from wholesaling chemicals, Pierre S. du Pont IV, is now officially running for president. He has pledged to rid the nation of—such courage, such vision—drugs. "We're about to embark on a *Rambo*-like crusade against smugglers and pushers," he says. *All riiiiight!* And while we're at it, let's embark on a *F.I.S.T.*-like crusade to reform the welfare system, and maybe a *Cobra*-like crusade to balance the budget, and how about a *Rocky*-like crusade to restore the nation's decaying infrastructure. . . .



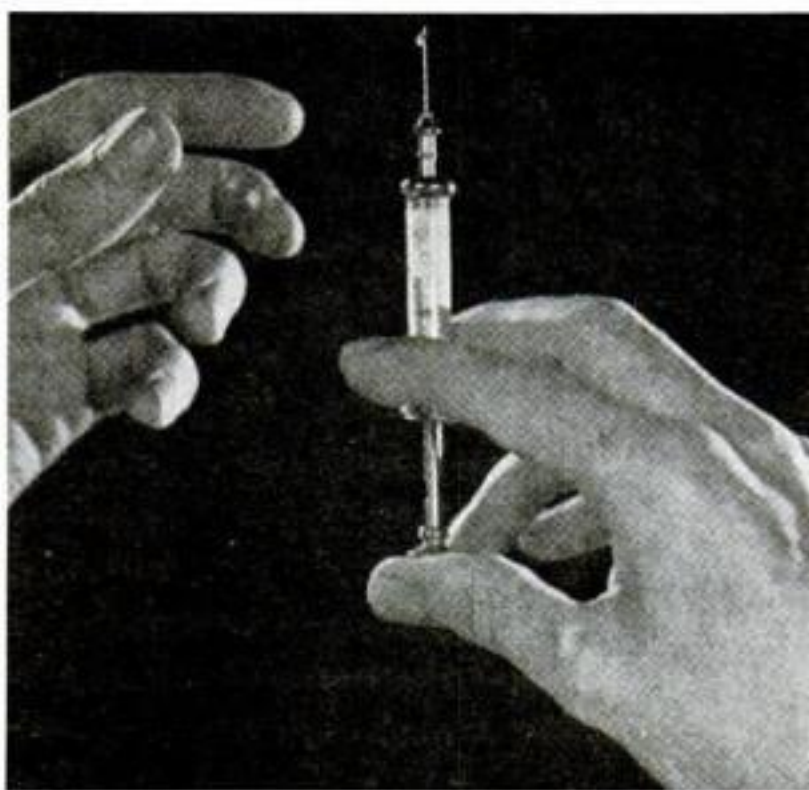
Crash

As ever, it's the preppy wimps like Du Pont (Exeter, Princeton, Harvard Law) and George Bush who are most egregiously eager to sling the he-man kick-butt talk.

Throwing government money at problems was out of fashion for a few years, but no more. In its pre-election frenzy to heave itself onto the bandwagon, the Senate was passing its own jerry-built, \$1.4 billion crusade against drugs. At the same moment, however, the same legislators were encouraging individual recklessness of a different kind by voting to raise the highway speed limit to 65 miles per hour. Save a few lives, waste a few lives, on Capitol Hill it all comes out in the wash. But maybe they know what they're doing: high-speed traffic smashups, at least, create jobs in Detroit.

It turns out that the mob was way ahead of Washington on the drug issue. At the current Manhattan trial of the Mafia's alleged board of directors, the prosecution played a tape of Anthony "Tony Ducks" Corallo discussing with Salvatore "Tom Mix" Santoro the proliferation of heroin salespeople. Tony Ducks said, "We should kill them." In other words, kind of a *Rambo*-like crusade.

At least the mafiosi came right out at the beginning of their trial and admitted that the Mafia exists. Mario Cuomo denies it.



Unfortunately, Andrew "Ratface Andy" Cuomo, the governor's capo, looks like a hood. He is not a hood. He is just an ordinary 28-year-old Manhattan lawyer who, *sheerly because of his legal skills, and not because he is the son of the governor*, has attracted casino operator Donald Trump and other major New York developers as clients. Why didn't Andy become a campaign issue? Is it because Andrew O'Rourke, the doomed, dorky Republican candidate for governor, seemed better suited to run a study hall than a state?

Andrew Cuomo stands to become the Julie Nixon Eisenhower of the 1990s—a whiny, puffy-faced apologist for a dark,

brooding presidential dad. This month Simon and Schuster will publish Julie's *Pat Nixon, The Untold Story*, the first book to offer an authoritative account of Pat Nixon's early years, until now merely conjecture, as an itinerant stripteaser in west Texas. The second part of the last sentence is not true. What is true is that Julie Nixon Eisenhower, asked to back up various assertions in the book, is said to have offered simply "RN" as the source again and again. She may have meant that a registered nurse told her, but we doubt it.

Speaking of RN, SPY is planning to buy the right to a semiannual audience with the man himself. It works like this: we give \$250,000 to the Nixon Presidential Archives Foundation and pony up another \$10,000 a year, and that covers a discussion of foreign policy, drinks, dinner, wine, tax and tip, twice a year forever. Nelson Doubleday Jr. has a more novel money-raising scheme. The man who bought the Mets six years ago for \$21.1 million now proposes to sell the team to himself for \$100 million. Whereas St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, just a few blocks up Park Avenue from Doubleday, has decided to sell itself to the next high-rise builder who comes along. An era of funny money? Sounds like downright *zany* money to us. 3

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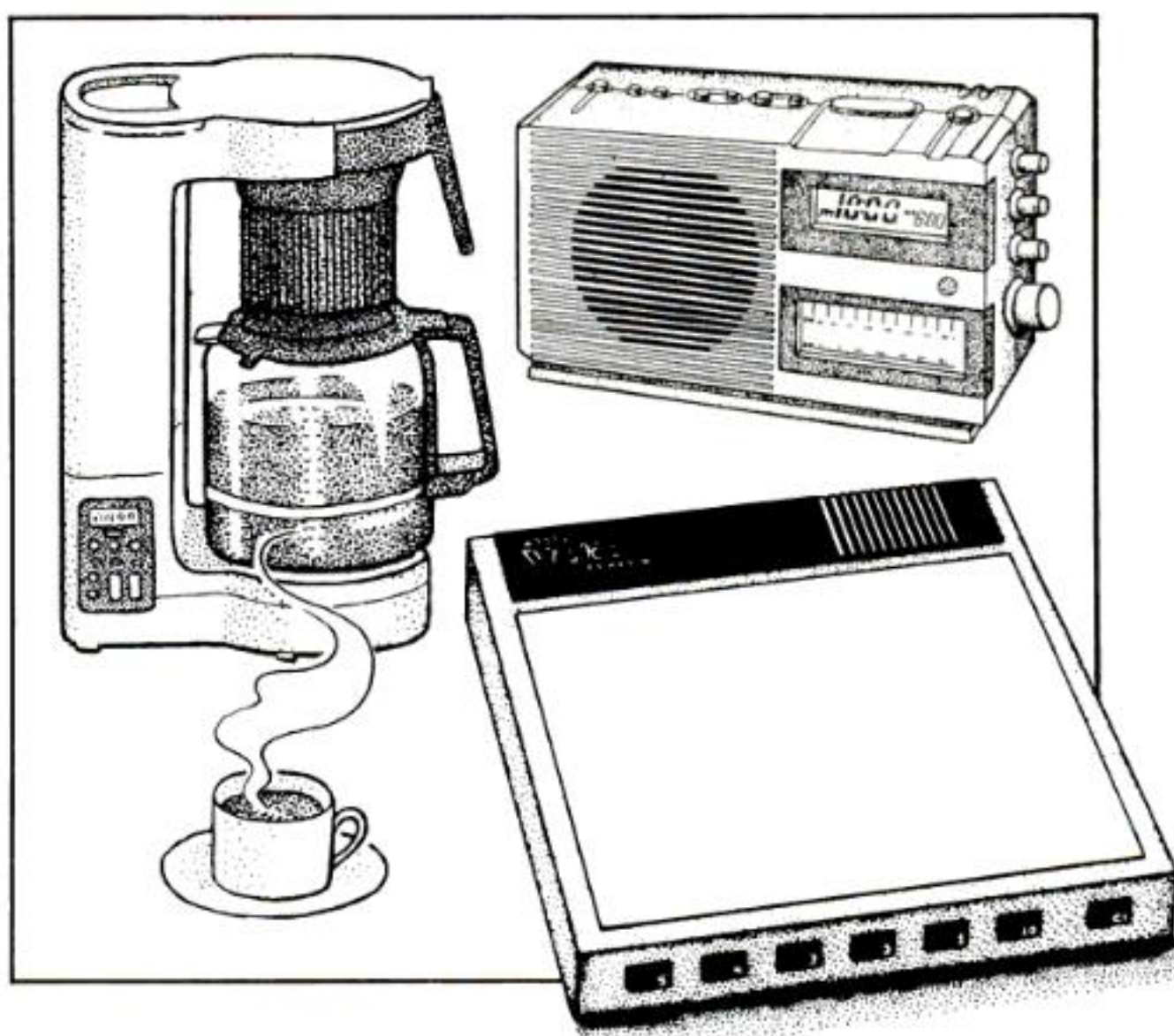
Michael Lee
INTERN



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We listened to 16 clock radios,
brewed with 21 coffeemakers, and
weighed ourselves on 15 bathroom scales
because you only need one of each.



The Hammacher Schlemmer Institute, an affiliated, but independent, not-for-profit research organization, analyzes each and every product we sell, and thousands more. In fact, some 10,000 items have been evaluated. Last year only about 500 were selected, because we strive to offer items which are either The Best or The Only one of their kind.

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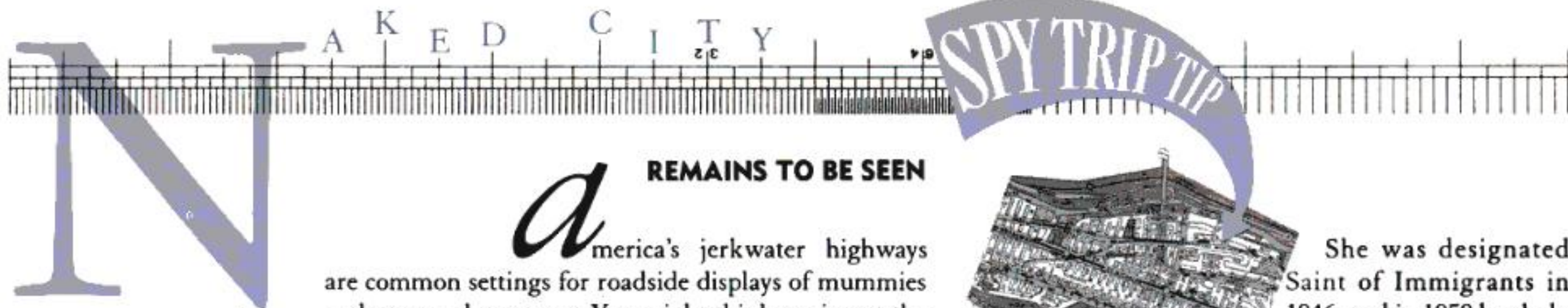
The Talking Scale with Memory. Announces your weight in a clear synthesized voice. Tells you how much you've gained or lost since your last weighing. Memory button enables up to 5 family members to keep track of their weight plus a "guest" button with no memory function. Accurate to $\pm 1\%$. AA batteries included \$99.95

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REMAINS TO BE SEEN

N America's jerkwater highways are common settings for roadside displays of mummies and mammal carcasses. You might think gazing at the remains of long-dead alligator men, mummified dwarves and three-headed calves is the sort of activity that captivates rural simpletons or road-tripping mid-westerners. Guess again. For morbid *frissons* in an urban setting, take the A train.

She lies silent in a clear crystal coffin inside a display case on an altar protected by velvet ropes. Her face is a waxy mask, betraying no emotion, just eternal peace. She's Mother Cabrini, America's first citizen saint.

Born in Italy, she sailed stateside to perform good deeds around the turn of the century. She died in Chicago in 1917, and her body was shipped to West Park, New York, where it was sealed in a sarcophagus in a mausoleum. During the next 20 years the putrefied body was exhumed, sealed again, then reexhumed and clothed in religious garb. As part of a beatification make-over, waxmasters fashioned Mother Cabrini's pale visage on the actual rotting skull of this as-yet-uncanonized ball of Roman Catholic virtue.



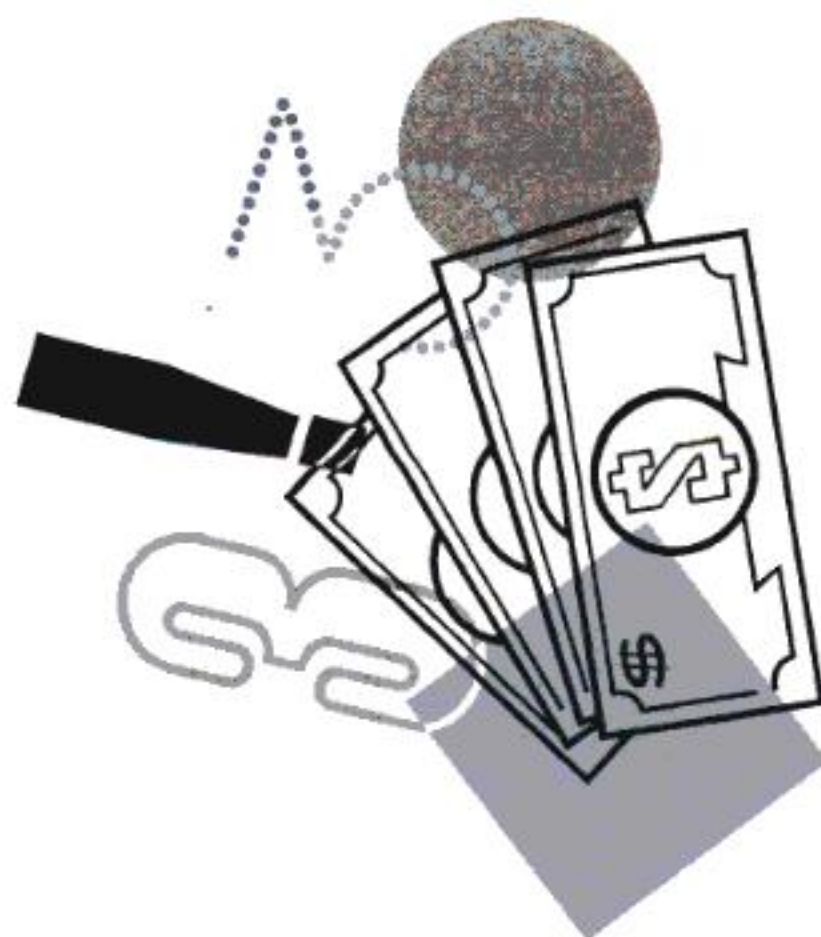
She was designated Saint of Immigrants in 1946, and in 1959 her holy remains were put on display at the Cabrini Shrine

adjacent to Mother Cabrini High School, in Washington Heights. In addition to the facial, her right hand was restored, and what might be her class ring now sits on one of the renovated digits.

The chapel that surrounds the waxy saint is devoted, aptly, to Cabriniana. Opposite an impressive stained-glass tribute is a huge WPA-style biographical mural. An adjoining room exhibits some of her personal effects: a check she signed, a spring from her dentures, her eyeglass case. Down the hall is a gift shop offering Cabrini key rings, buttons and glow-in-the-dark statuettes. Fifteen cents buys a postcard of the coffin, the spruced-up altar at Christmastime or a four-in-one view of the chapel.

—Jack Barth

Take the A train to 190th Street. Walk 200 yards south on Fort Washington Boulevard. Open Tuesday through Sunday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free.



INVESTMENT BANKERS CRAZY FOR CASH

John Gutfreund's pupils may dilate as he calculates the risks, his nostrils may do likewise as he scents the rewards. A few capillaries near the skin may dilate, too, as he makes his decision: whether to challenge a bid of six sevens or raise it. The game his underlings at Salomon Brothers say he is playing is called liar's poker, and it's now a fad on Wall Street among the types who foreclosed on Ma Joad's farm.

Liar's poker is a ritual that brokers perform with the source of their power, like the tribal shamans do in Levi-Strauss. "Six sevens" refers to digits in the serial numbers on U.S. currency. Two players will hunch over

their \$5 bills, keeping the numbers a secret. They are trying to guess the greatest number of repetitions of the highest numeral on the other player's bill. The player who reaches it by the process of alternately raising the bid (e.g., Me: "Three fours." You: "Four fours." Me: "Four fives"), or who challenges a bid that overshoots the actual number of repetitions, keeps the bills. At First Boston, traders consult their computers for strategy. At Shearson Lehman, they admit to hoarding winning bills the way Aborigine chieftains do their dried dingo tails.

The game's appeal, however, goes beyond currency fetishism. It is a proved fact that most, if not all, brokers and traders lead emotionally empty lives shot through with brittle posturing before others as well as themselves. Often their children do not respect them. Perhaps these men feel, while they are playing the game, that it strips away their jacket and paunch to reveal a ferocious jungle beast triumphing through guts and cunning.

Their risk-taking would not entitle the liars to don a visor at Atlantic City, though. The stakes are peanuts—twenties or fives at Bear, Stearns and singles at Goldman Sachs, while at Morgan Stanley they don't even play. High-stakes gambling is reserved for the job, and consequently for other people's money.

—Eric Kaplan

WHAT CHANNEL'S SHAKESPEARE ON, ANYWAY?

A recent Friday evening's viewing schedule in London:

5:00 Channel Four
Car 54, Where Are You?
5:35 BBC-1
The Flintstones
6:15 Channel Four
Revid ("the latest video releases")
6:30 Channel Four
Solid Soul
7:25 BBC-2
Cartoon Two
7:40 BBC-1
I've Got a Secret
8:10 BBC-1
Dynasty
9:30 BBC-1
Video Juke Box
11:30 ITV
Shoot Pool!
12:30 ITV
Hawaii Five-O

YOU ARE HERE (UNFORTUNATELY): A DESCENT INTO CLUB PURGATORY

Sniff the rarefied atmosphere of some of the city's choicest VIP rooms. Let JOE DOLCE, reformed big bug of clubland, be your guide for the evening. He'll show you what you're missing. Specifically, turn back your appointment book to September 24 and see just how you misspent an evening that *could* have gone like this:

11:15 p.m. Enter 4D for American Ballet Theatre party. Up in the lounge, 51 people are wearing orange fluorescent strips in their hair or around their wrists and waists. A table of chocolate truffles and strawberries. R. Couri Hay, in a white crayoned tux, sees me taking notes and sticks to me like glue. "Bianca, Anne Hearst, Anne Eisenhower—they were all here. And *me!*"

11:23 Chocolate truffles removed. Open bar turns cash and two women start flipping through a magazine. The mood is turning very dentist-office.

11:30 Owner Frank Lynch walks through the emptying room pulling on his tie. Bartender sips coffee.

11:32 Two women tie glow string around bald man's crown.

11:37 Out. At bottom of stairs, champagne bar beckons. "You can go in and look around," says the security guard, "there's nothing happening." Three older men in tuxes sit around 15 glowing orange tables, eyes on dance floor. Guard is right.

12:00 a.m. Stringfellows, Junior International Club of New York party. Ask hostess, "Is there anyone of note here?" "Just us," she says.

12:01 Champagne Room. Girl in white tutu bends over two men,

taking their orders. Two hetero couples at another table. The other 15 tables are empty, set with glasses and napkins. "Reservations are required here," explains tutu'd Elizabeth, parting the ropes. "The champagne list is limited." Meaning what? "The bottles sell for \$150 to \$350," she says. "Can I get you something?" No thanks.

12:05 Couple Number One gets up to dance.

12:09 "Who comes here?" I ask Elizabeth. "Leon Spinks was here last night. And a lot of corporate parties enjoy this room. They come when they close a deal."

12:16 Couple Number One returns. Toast. Couple Number Two lady leaves to powder nose. Couple Number Two man follows.

12:21 Couple Number One lady pulls out color snaps of kids.

12:22 Out.

12:38 Outside Palladium, a blond bathed in Giorgio pleads with me to let her follow me in. I decline.

12:40 Tonight's party is Kansai Yamamoto sponsoring a Japanese rock band, Ryudogumi. Inside I'm directed to Level 27, where "VIPs" watch dance floor.

12:44 Arrive at gate to control room. Long-haired man in black T-shirt tells me that no one is allowed in. I explain that I arranged it with Rudolf. "Tough shit. It's not normal VIP tonight. They got all the monitors and taping equipment."

12:48 Japanese man arrives. "Sony," he says, and the gate opens.

12:50 Concert starts. Cute boy in orange shorts arrives. "Sorry, you can't go in." "But I have an exhibition in the gallery." "The only per-

son allowed back there is Steve Rubell." "Look, my name is David La Chapelle." Gate opens. I switch into slighted-VIP-brat mode.

12:55 En exit, I spot Rudolf, who informs me that this concert cost \$130,000 and leads me back upstairs to a door labeled BOOTH. Inside are 16 people, tripod cases, instrument boxes. Three Japanese men in suits watch monitors.

1:10 Crowd parts. Small Japanese man with camera is sitting on floor.

1:11 Steve Rubell walks through with Halston and cute blond boy.

1:21 Seven people. Music blasting, smoke rising.

1:22 Five people.

1:24 Out.

1:56 Limelight. In the Library couples are chatting around tables with RESERVED signs. Red ropes set off VIP-of-VIP area, now empty.

1:58 Stephen Saban trudges in and sits behind red ropes, alone.

2:00 Peter Frampton gets a drink at the bar and leaves. The waiter says, "Gee, I wish I could think of who's been here tonight." Pause. "Not really anybody."

2:04 Saban's head falls back on couch. He tosses a crumpled napkin.

2:05 Twenty-one people. Girl in red dress twirls her swizzle stick in vodka and tenderly sucks a lime.

2:12 Saban wakes up and walks out.

2:22 Frampton back. Three flashes go off.

2:24 Ben, a bleached-blond English boy, looks over my shoulder. "What are you writing?" he asks. I explain. "Yeah, when you're 18 or 19 it's really exciting. But it wears a bit thin after a while, doesn't it?"

2:35 Out. ☺

THE FINE PRINT

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

Each Sunday in the *Times*, tucked below a story about water use concerns somewhere in the Northeast, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some violations that have recently appeared in the *Times*. (A note: the restaurant violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

JOANNA

18 East 18th Street
Cited for low dishwasher water temperature, making for "inadequate sanitization of glasses, dishes and flatware." Joanna's food inspection certificate was unavailable, its can-opener was encrusted with stale food, and the threaded hose bib at the slop sink was without a vacuum breaker. An exterminator service report that should have been on hand was not available.



THE BOTTOM LINE

15 West 4th Street
The Department of Health found that the restaurant was "not maintained in a sanitary manner, in that the floors and walls need cleaning." On the first inspection, fresh mouse excreta were found; on the second inspection, fresh and old mouse excreta were found, along with three dead mice.



ROCKING HORSE MEXICAN CAFE

224 Columbus Avenue
Floors under and around equipment in the kitchen and basement were

(continued)

SPRUCING UP FOR COURT



Pre- and postdefoliation: Stanley Friedman, Bronx Democrat, and John Landis, director of *Twilight Zone: The Movie*.



(continued)
encrusted with dirt and littered with debris, and fresh and old mouse excreta were found behind the liquor bar and under the shelves of the coffee station and in the basement. The previous inspection report wasn't available. On the second visit, in addition to finding rodent excreta, inspectors found hanging from the ceiling of the basement "live and dead electrical wire . . . spread about in an uncontrolled and potentially dangerous fashion."

DAVID'S COOKIES

148 East 59th Street
Paperwork violations: no permit to open a retail bakery, failure to post and display Health Department permit, no self-inspection report. Also, there was no soap or towels in the toilet, and no EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS sign. Flies were found in the cellar and in the rear of the store.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE CELEBRITY

SPY's selective, early-line predictions for this month's marathon:
Actor DUSTIN HOFFMAN, 49 and short-legged, entered himself in what would be his first marathon (*Marathon Man* notwithstanding). After the strain of finishing *Ishtar*, Hoffman would have been no better than 4 to 1 to break four hours, and an even-money bet not to finish. Late word was that he would scratch. . . . PETER "Buckaroo Banzai" WELLER will be competing in his second marathon and is a very good bet to beat his previous mark of 4:24. . . . For guitarist J. J. FRENCH of Twisted Sister, this will be his second marathon. With Twisted Sister being singled out for criticism by parent groups, French (real name: John F. Segal) is a proven mudder and should better his time of 4:07, particularly if it rains. . . . Supermodel KIM ALEXIS has one previous marathon (4:20) but is 2 to 1 to get waylaid in Queens with a pebble in her shoe. . . . Actor TED MCGINLEY (Clay Fallmont of *Dynasty*) has never run a marathon but notes that he is a frequent water polo player. A good bet to hurt himself trying to spike the finish line.

(continued)

SPY FOR THE DEFENSE

As students at Brown finish up midterms Stanley Henshaw, a Providence insurance executive accused of operating a prostitution service near the campus, is going on trial. Two of the women he is alleged to have engaged as prostitutes for the last several years, Dana Smith and Rebecca Kidd, were Brown undergraduates, class of 1986. All charges against Smith and Kidd, however, were dropped last July.

Officially, Rhode Island authorities waived prosecution because the two women agreed to cooperate in the case against Henshaw. But SPY has obtained evidence suggesting that Brown had another, more powerful incentive to see to it that charges were dropped—that, indeed, the university itself may have been complicit in recruiting the women as prostitutes. Moreover, SPY now believes that Smith and Kidd spent their undergraduate years jointly pursuing a self-directed program of independent study—a "special major" that had the tacit approval of university officials.

The following course descriptions are reprinted as they appear in the *Brown Catalogue of the University for the years 1985–87*.

BIOLOGY AND MEDICINE

158. *Medical Microbiology* Emphasizes the experimental and theoretical basis for infectious disease. Bacterial, viral, fungal, and parasitic agents are considered as well as the immunological response of the host to these microorganisms.

DEPT. OF REINFORCEMENT

As we announced last month, readers of *The New Yorker* who have always wished that magazine had a Letters to the Editor column now have reason to rejoice (but decorously, please): SPY is making such space available in these pages. Please address your correspondence to "Dear Mister Shawn," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.



ECONOMICS

206. *The Theory of Price II* Topics in general equilibrium and welfare economics, risk and uncertainty, economics of information, capital theory. . . .

PHILOSOPHY

12. *Freedom, Responsibility, and Punishment* An introduction to philosophy by way of consideration of such issues as: whether or not we are, can be, or ought to be free to think and act as we choose; whether or not we are or can be responsible (morally or legally) for any of our thoughts, actions, or the consequences of these; whether or not we ought to be punished for any of our thoughts, actions, or the consequences of these. . . .

55. *Ethics of Professionalism* The purpose of the course is to scrutinize critically the basis, limits and adequacy of professional ethics in general and of the professional ethics of specific professions such as medicine, law and engineering. Students will be encouraged to focus on the ethical problems connected with a profession that interests them.

SOCIOLOGY

143. *Social Structure and Personal Development* The relationship between one's place in the social structure and one's own, individual personal growth. . . . In addition, we will spend some time learning about social factors involved in the failure to develop in a socially compatible way.

THEATRE ARTS

126. *Origin and Development of Popular Forms of Entertainment* Major forms of English and American Popular entertainment are included, such as circus, carnival, dime museum, wild west show, medicine show, vaudeville, music hall (English), British pantomime, minstrel show, burlesque, and popular theatre. . . .

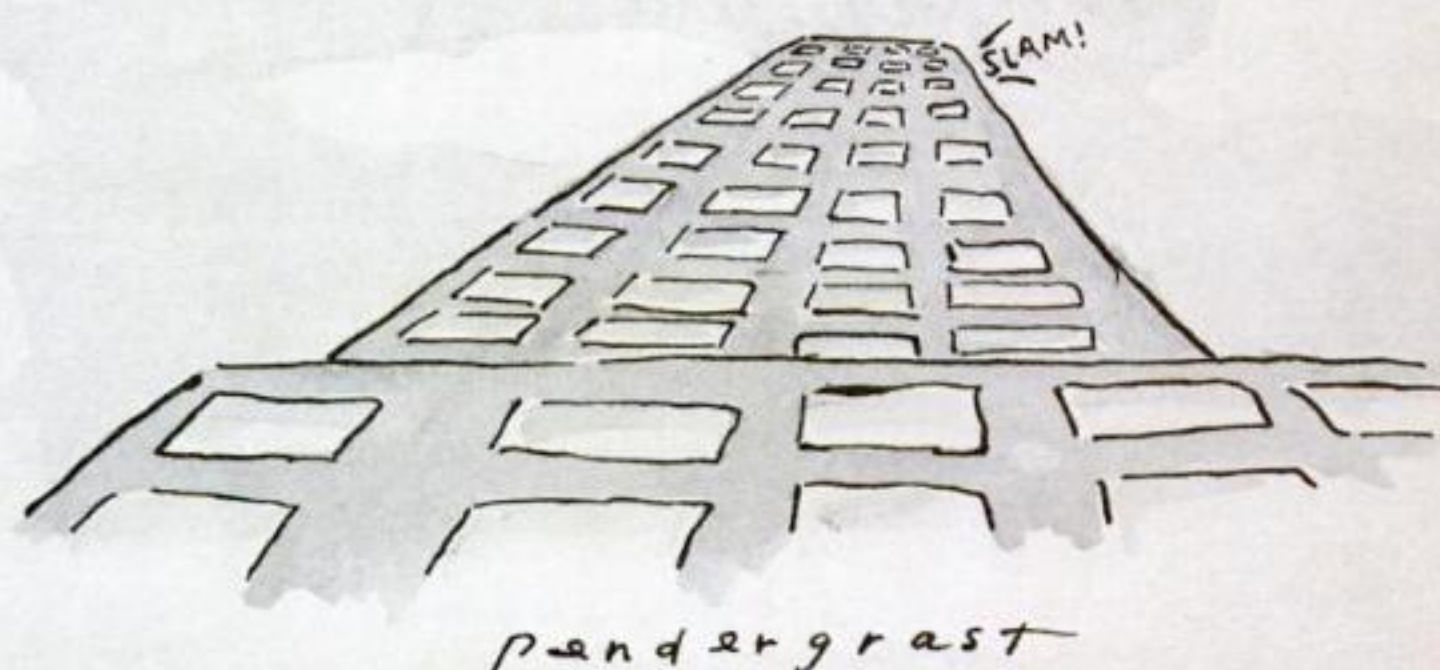
EXTRADEPARTMENTAL COURSE

126. *Religion and the Good Society: 1. Sex, Children, and Gender Roles* Moral and legal codes deal with the goals and norms of sexual intercourse (who, when, where, how, and why), modes of childrearing, and the roles of men and women. . . .

—Nell Scovell

The Illustrated History of New York, Part II

A Park Avenue Snit



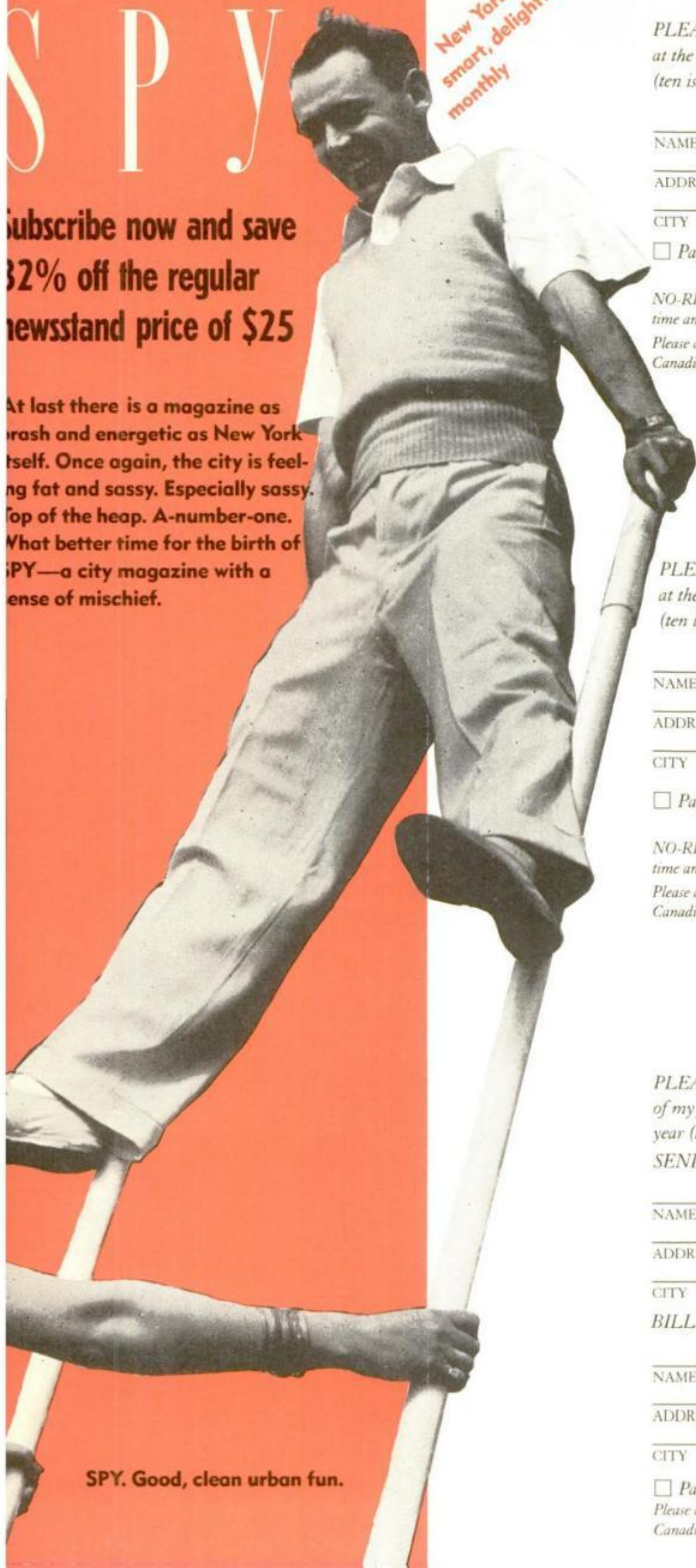
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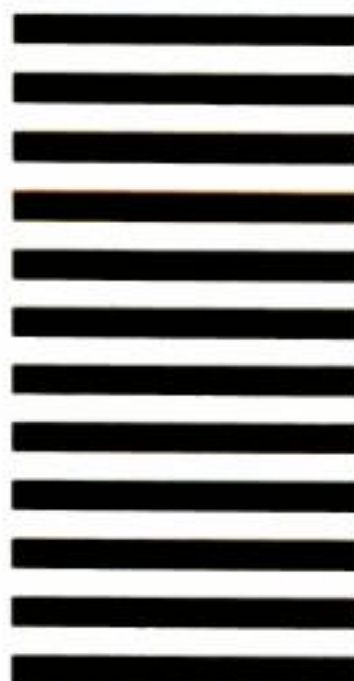
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MEET THE PRESS

Dr. Frank Field: I'll give you 20 minutes. How's that? That ought to do it.

Eric Kaplan: Are you a scientist?

Yes.

How do you keep up with the changes in science?

Well, we all, all the science reporters, generally read a lot. We get, uh, on the average of 10 or 15 publications a day, uh, you get press releases, uh...you're dealing, uh...it's an ongoing education.

Do you think there's a conflict between science and religion?

A conflict between science and religion? Well, in a way I guess you could say that there have been *many* conflicts about the uh, um...well. Is there a conflict between science and religion? You'd have to be more specific. What kind of question?

Well, I mean, is there a fundamental—I mean, have the conflicts between science and religion, like Darwin, Galileo....

Oh, there have always been conflicts.

Would you say science infringes on human freedom?

At times it could, yeah. At times it could, could do that.

What is—what is lightning?

Lightning?

Yeah.

Well, it's an electronic discharge between positive and negative portions of the atmosphere. Either ground to sky or sky to ground.

I read about something called ball lightning. What's that?

That's another form of lightning. If you have—uh, it's, it's, it's a huge, uh, oh, I would...gaseous kind of a ball that would roll and, and emit, uh, electrical discharge.

Uh. It's, on occasion...it's formed...it will—well, let's see, I don't even, I don't even know how the, uh, anyone knows how it's formed. It's simply a static discharge of some sort that somehow, uh, appears to be congealed into a ball form that would roll across the ground. I've never seen it, I don't know if I ever will see it. It's a rare thing.

How big are they?

[Pauses] How big is ball lightning? [Laughs]

Miles?

Oh, no, no, no. It would be the size of, of, uh, four or five feet [actually, it's usually four or five inches], a four- or five-foot ball rolling down. People have, have described it as, as, uh, jumping through a window or rolling across a lawn. What—what brought up that question? Ball lightning—where'd you see that?

I—I was just, uh, asking people about weather and—and ball lightning came up. Is it different from bead lightning?

From what?

Bead lightning.

Bead lightning would be little formations of lightning along lines. Where did you come across bead lightning?

In the same book on—on ball lightning.

[Laughs] Why are you reading on that?

I...I...

What is your interest in lightning?

I'm sort of...I've never really understood the explanations people have given me of lightning.

Well, it's really an electrical discharge.

Are you getting tired of questions about lightning?

Well, I don't...I don't know what it has to do with an interview on—on how we function.

Uh—

You're...you're interviewing me on what basis? Science and health reporting? Weather reporting?

Yeah, and—and science also.

Well, the kind of things you should ask me, then, would be, "Has, has the weather improved in any way in prediction over 25 years?" "Has there been any change in delivering information to the public in terms of weather?" "How is it different 25 years ago from today?" "Is it



ERIC KAPLAN, SPY CUB REPORTER



DR. FRANK FIELD, WCBS-TV SENIOR HEALTH AND SCIENCE EDITOR

more scientific today?" "Are people getting a fair shake on weather reports?" Do you have any of those questions?

Uh, do you ever have problems predicting the weather?

Sure. Weather prediction is about 80 percent science and 20 percent art.

I read, I read somewhere that in synoptic-scale weather forecasting, that significant mesoscale weather phenomena present a problem. How do you deal with that?

Say that again.

That in synoptic-scale weather forecasting, systems that contain significant mesoscale weather phenomena, that there's a problem with doing normal weather forecasting.

Do you know what the question means?

I'm not sure what it means.

Where did you get that question?

Uh, a book on weather forecasting.

See, you're...what you really ought to do when you do an interview on this, as a reporter, don't get sources that you don't understand and ask questions that you don't understand. You really ought to say what is it that you want to know about it. What do you think the average guy in the street would want to know about weather forecasting?

Does the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle have anything to do with weather forecasting? ☺

f
THE INF PRINT

(continued)

I DON'T GO TO BROOKLYN—I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE IT IS

Of the 132 applicants who were rejected by the New York Taxi and Limousine Commission between February 1985 and July 1986 (there were 15,458 applicants), 79 were rejected for having a criminal record. A record in and of itself does not disqualify an applicant, but a person with a record involving crimes such as rape or armed robbery has to demonstrate that he or she will not present a risk to passengers. Thirty people failed to appear, eleven falsified something on the application and either had a criminal record or failed to appear, eight had bad driving records (which is not to say that only eight were bad drivers), two had medical problems and one person's application expired before he completed the process. No one was rejected for failing to know the geography of New York, and only one person was rejected because he or she did not understand English, and that person had a criminal record as well. The TLC has just begun to administer an English language test to prospective cabbies. In a two-week period, the rejection rate was 10 percent.

HEALTH UPDATE

FUN CITY: There has been a 1.25 percent drop in the number of cases of gonorrhea in the United States since last year. The number of cases has fallen from 585,934 to 578,443. Of 57 reporting areas—all 50 states plus the District of Columbia, U.S. territories and separate entries for New York City and upstate—only 15 show increases: Idaho has 3 more cases; South Dakota, 7; American Samoa, 30; North Dakota, 40; Nevada, 153; Arizona, 261; North Carolina, 459; Illinois, 476; Mississippi, 479; the District of Columbia, 1,098; Michigan, 2,220; Florida, 8,118. There are 155 more cases in New Jersey, and 353 upstate.

And 14,287 more in New York City. Our total has risen from 42,583 to 56,870. Why, we have more gonorrhea here than the whole state of Texas! —Jamie Malanowski



NEAT GOINGS-ON IN NEW YORK'S SISTER CITIES

The Sister City Program was created in 1983 to coordinate New York's official relations with her five sister cities: Cairo, Peking, Santo Domingo, Tokyo and Madrid. The Program seeks to develop cooperation between New York and her sisters in the fields of business, culture, health care, education and municipal service. — NEW YORK SISTER CITY PROGRAM PRESS RELEASE

A letdown inevitably follows blowouts such as last month's "Cairo Week in New York." But the doldrums need not linger. This listing, though brief and not officially sanctioned by the Sister City Program, should explain why any Program enthusiast with a valid passport will be booking airfare to a Sister City or two before you can say "cultural and economic exchange."

Visitors to TOKYO can choose from a variety of conventions, including Japan Measuring Instrument & Equipment Exhibition; 11th Japan Plastics and Rubber Fair; and Insulation '86. November 4-11 is the week to be in PEKING for Asiandex '86 International, an arms show. Fans of semiautomatic antiaircraft guns, tanks, missiles and other instruments of death will want to attend, as will the newly converted (see "Huntin' and Fishin' in Central Park," page 34). The Jazz Festival of MADRID runs during the first two weeks of November. With a tolerable average temperature range of 57 to 78 degrees and the Prophet's Birthday on the fourteenth, CAIRO makes an appealing destination. The Dr. Ragab Papyrus Institute, "the largest floating museum in the world," is a must-see. Unless you require a divorce, give SANTO DOMINGO a miss till December, when the Season really begins.



NOVEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Bead-stringing course; Saturdays through the 22nd at the Ukrainian Museum, 108 Second Avenue; finished objects may be taken home.
2 At 6:00 p.m., all local TV newscasts comply with apparent FCC requirement to air stories on lunatic stragglers just

completing the New York City Marathon.
4 Election Day. Mario Cuomo is reelected, delivers eloquent, arrogant victory speech.
4 "The Rejected Show"—an exhibit of works that have been rejected from exhibits—opens at ABC No Rio.
6-9 The Fifth Annual Romantic Times Book Convention; at the Vista International Hotel. Don't miss the talk on "Creating Scorching

THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

*An Accounting of
Celebrities Mentioned
During September*

Sid Bass	2
Linda Ellerbee's weight	4
Mimi Kazon	1
Kitty Kelly	4
Iris Love	1
Winnie Mandela	1
Paul Newman	4
Bill Paley	3
Martin Scorsese	4
Frank Sinatra	5
Barbra Streisand	5
SPY	1
Elizabeth Taylor	6



THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART II

For Drexel's Mike Milken, \$40 million a year buys the hardest, shiniest, most stain-resistant scalp in banking today.

ZANY NEW YORK WOMAN SEZ:

"I HAVEN'T USED SOAP SINCE 1977—AND I SMELL FINE!"

I haven't washed my hair for nine years. I use no soaps, shampoos, conditioners—nothing. I use a brush to clean my hair, and my hair is sparkling-clean. I used to need a lot of soap, and I had a once-a-day shampoo habit. I had dandruff, I had alternating oily and dry scalp. I tried dozens of beauty products that didn't work.

So I stopped using them.

Soon my automatic self-cleaning powers began and I started smelling sweet without deodorants and soaps. My hair took nearly three months to normalize and stay clean. Soap, I discovered, is what makes you stink! I use water only on my body, and on my hair only after an ocean dip. If I don't shower after jogging, I still smell sweet as a flower. I ride elevators, sit in movie houses, stand in line at the bank and make love. No one has ever complained about my smell. Some praise it. I often wear French perfume, which could never cover up the sort of body odor people probably imagine I must have. The point is that the compulsive use of soaps, shampoos, conditioners, deodorants and all the rest is an addiction as much as smoking cigarettes, eating sweets or using heroin. In a filthy city like New York, it is all the more important not to use shampoo. This is the only defense against the modern environment and the only way to have clean, healthy hair.

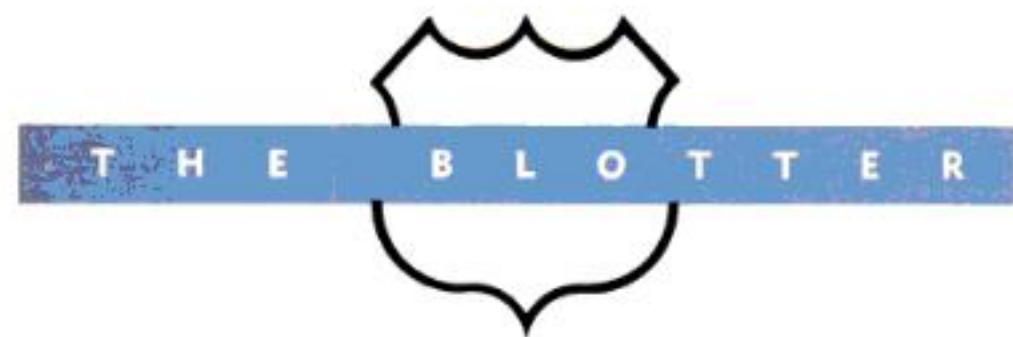
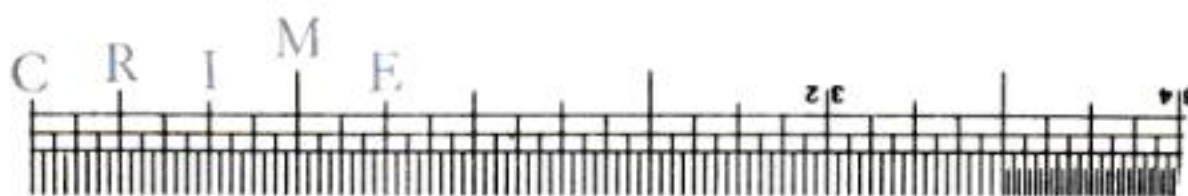
—Carol Pearlman



Passion" or the keynote speech by PBS newscaster Robert MacNeil—two separate addresses, we assume.
7 The Annual Ball and Debutante Presentation of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of New York; at the Plaza.
8-9 "Co-ordinating Vocation With Aura: A Subtle Approach to Career Counseling." A \$95 weekend workshop at the New York Open

Center. "The auric colors of participants are identified as a means of aligning inner abilities and potential work alternatives. . . . The result is an increased ability to capitalize on personal strengths, to improve communication with colleagues, and to strategize career moves."
18 Latvia and Oman celebrate national holidays, and Tommy Hilfiger lectures at the Spanish-Portuguese

Synagogue, 2 West 70th Street; 7:00 p.m.; \$8.
20-21 The New York Society for Gastrointestinal Endoscopy meets at the Vista International.
21-23 Custom Knife Show; at the Roosevelt Hotel.
26 Large inflatable beasts gather on quiet blocks off Central Park West at night. Herd moves southward the following morning as thousands cheer. ☺



SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending September 23. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

THE WILD KINGDOM

- East Tremont Ave., the Bronx—"snake condition in barbershop"
- Brooklyn—"loose horses running down Avenue N from East 58th St."
- Riderless NYPD Mounted Unit gelding, "last seen heading south from Madison Square Garden," is "found on West 12th St. going home to Troop A"
- Brooklyn—"snakes in apartment," Fleet Walk
- The Bronx—"snake in custody," removed from apartment to Bronx Zoo
- Park Ave.—"bats in apartment"
- Queens—"bee job," swarm removed from Mayda Rd.
- "Animal in filing cabinet," Metropolitan Hospital Center
- Brooklyn Bridge—"nine vicious attack pit bull dogs under bridge," tranquilized by ESU, removed by ASPCA

LOONS

- West 55th St.—"taxi down shaft"
- Liberty and West St.—"intoxicated male in Hudson attempting to swim to New Jersey"
- West 57th St.—"man locked in Port-O-San unable to get out, car running unattended in front"
- West Side Highway—"naked female directing traffic"
- Question over air: "Can anyone advise the code for watching TV while operating a motor vehicle?"

TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

- MacDougal off Broadway—22-year-old male with rope around neck, trying to kill himself
- The Bronx—male jumper from structure, Topping Ave. and East 174th St.
- Brooklyn—"very agitated" female preparing to jump from roof, Ocean Parkway
- Verrazano-Narrows Bridge—jumper
- Brooklyn Bridge—various jumpers
- Roosevelt Hospital, August 23, 10:00 a.m.—emergency ward and psychiatric services stretched to capacity

TEAM SPORTS

- 110th St. and Third Ave., shots fired, large group, "use caution"; 109th St. and Third Ave., large group fighting with bats; Broadway and 72nd St., large group fighting with broken bottles (all three within two minutes of one another one Friday night, 1:00 a.m.)

—Ann C. Mathers

CLOSE UP

Proposed Movie of the Month

9 PM SPY TV



UNDER INVESTIGATION

Headlines provide the plot of this adventure of an American newsman accused of spying behind the Iron Curtain and the publicity-hungry editor in chief who gets him freed. Paralleling this conflict is a larger one of East-West tensions as the affair threatens to disrupt arms talks between the two superpowers. Produced by Linda (Playing for Time) Yellen. Nicholas Daniloff: Sam Waterston. Mortimer B. Zuckerman: Daniel J. Travanti. Mrs. Daniloff: Adrienne Barbeau. (2 hrs.)

A HIGH-TONED LOWDOWN

Information crime is, without doubt, the genre of the future. The term itself immediately brings to mind the miracle of computer technology, which permits toddlers to tap into the Federal Reserve and facilitates insider stock speculation by shut-ins. But this is merely a point on its compass. Information is everywhere, or at least everywhere that money is, just like Willie Sutton.

Information criminals often slip up by not realizing the curious symbiotic relationship between information and money. For example, William Depperman, of AIDS IS GERM WARFARE BY U.S. GOV'T fame, is presumably kicking himself right now for not having kept the financial aspect in mind, a lapse that cost him a charge of felonious mischief. Depperman has been an information specialist for over a decade, and his works have graced numerous walls around the city. His posters are famous for asserting that Walter Mondale conspired to throw the 1984 election, and, most recently, alleging that the CIA is behind the AIDS plague. So what if aspects of this information sound a trifle wild-eyed? AIDS has inspired experts and religious entrepreneurs all over to coin money from theories that might as well have two heads and a tail. Depperman qualifies as a graffitist, by municipal and tabloid reckoning, for having posted his information in public places, but Madison Avenue graffitists asserting the social superiority of a particular brand of knitwear post their scrawls unmolested in the very same bus shelters. The message is clear: Depperman failed to see the profit motive.

The same goes for the unnamed ge-

nus pink-slipped by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, who attempted to exact revenge by tinkering with the historical verities set forth in that worthy publication. He is said to have replaced "Jesus Christ" with "Allah" and to have written colleagues into the panorama of past events. If he hadn't been foiled by a tattle-tale computer programmed to highlight recent changes in the text, he might have achieved the information crime equivalent of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

Mere youth and lack of sophistication led to the downfall of some very cheeky kidlets. There were those eight- and ten-year-old girls in Georgia who terrorized local banks by muffling their voices on the telephone and demanding sacks of money. They failed to use a pay phone, so the calls were traced; and they weren't really interested in the cash. They did, however, bring the pizza delivery prank to a high polish, which should inspire other fledgling artists. The 14-year-old Auckland lad who used a bit of cardboard from a candy bar wrapper to manipulate a money machine into depositing \$500,000 into his account was first blessed, then cursed by the refreshing low-tech simplicity of his approach. It took the bank three weeks to realize that something had gone wrong.

These specimens represent a mere speck on the horizon of information crime. The possibilities presented by the concept of disinformation alone would fill a library, and probably do. Also to be borne in mind is that information crimes are very quiet. They do not go *pow* or *splat*. Thus it is that the examples above are extreme anomalies; they are only the ones who were caught.

—Luc Sante

Sure, *everybody watched the Olympics. And now the baseball commissioner's job keeps him tenuously in the public mind for six months a year. But can anyone seriously suggest that we elect a former travel agent president?*

RICHARD STENGEL explains why, for Peter Ueberroth, it's entirely

Downhill From Here



The citizen statesman who was negotiating with nations now spends his time making batboys urinate into bottles and trying to figure out whether the designated hitter is a good thing

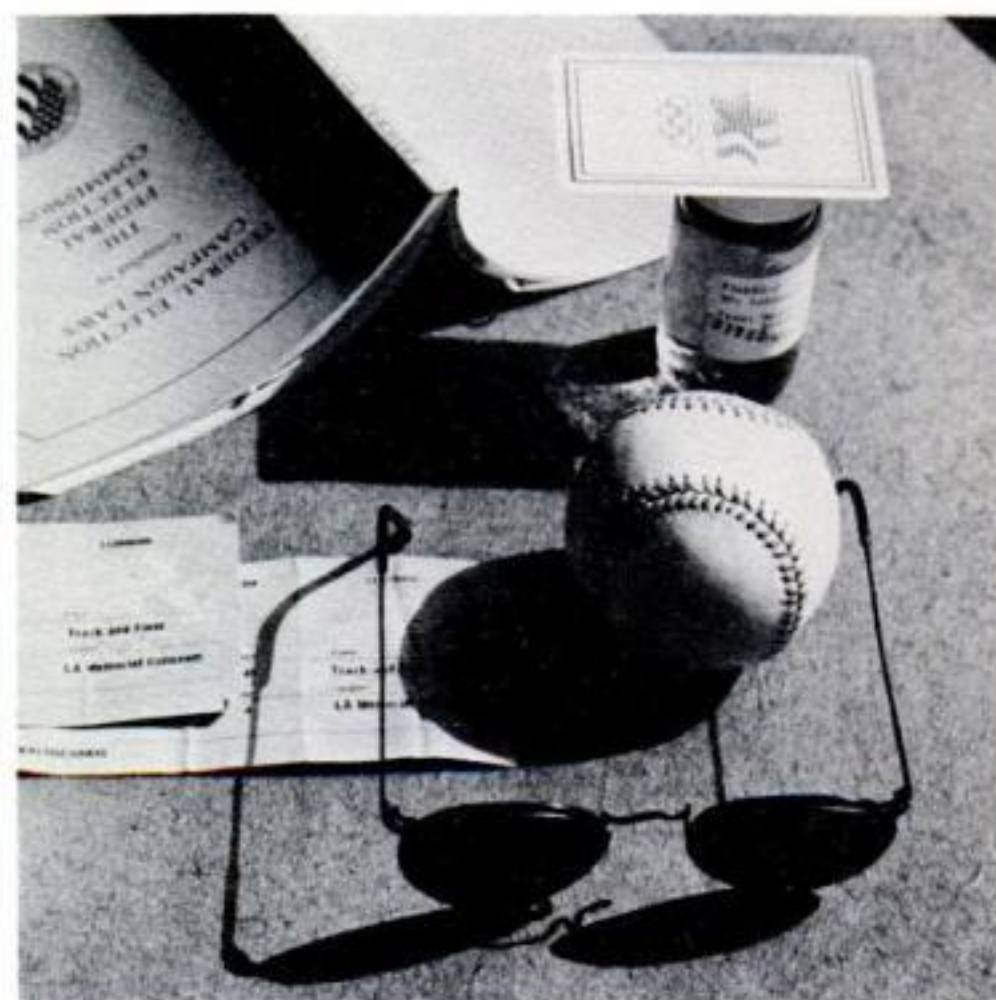
FOR MANY FOLKS,

Peter Ueberroth once seemed the very model of American virtue. During the Olympics his very, very sincere baritone conveyed an equal mixture of modesty and authority. Now, as commissioner of baseball (America's pastime, of course), he is thought to be bringing a man's guidance to a boy's game. Peter Ueberroth, the son of a traveling salesman, is fond of saying that he's just an ordinary fella. He tells anyone who will listen that he is not terribly clever. Most people chalk this up to an aw-shucks humility that imperfectly hides his great strengths and achievements.

In fact, it's not modesty at all, but honesty. Peter Ueberroth is an average Joe of no great intelligence or vision. His genius is for public relations and self-promotion, and his deification as the maestro of the Olympics was not a tribute to his talents, but to America's rage for celebrating well-packaged mediocrity.

America used to be the country that worked. Now when someone merely makes something run as though it were not a Rube Goldberg contraption, he's hailed as a combination of the twin Thomases, Jefferson and Edison. Ueberroth put on a scavenger's Olympics, a potluck Games. He used what was already there, built little, hit up *Fortune* 500 companies for millions and drenched it all in show-biz sentimentality and bump-tious patriotism. Ueberroth was able to discern the prevailing Zeitgeist and wrap himself in it. Patriotism—hell, you couldn't be more patriotic than Peter Ueberroth.

But most of all, he showed that the greatest Olympic sport of all is business, and that when it comes to free-market competition, the U.S. will always take the gold. When most countries play host to the Olympics, they try to create a Potemkin showcase of their society and its enlightened vision by building elaborate villages and stadiums. Not America, and not Peter Ueberroth. He



wanted to show that America could stage an Olympics and make a profit by just putting a coat of paint on the Coliseum and releasing a flock of pigeons. See, fellas, capitalism really works!

Ueberroth went around pleading poverty, telling everyone that the L.A. Olympics Committee was a pauper; he ruled 50,000 volunteers who were paid only with box lunches. In public, he kept his fingers crossed that the Olympics would break even. Then, lo and behold, it made a profit of \$250 million. Half the *Fortune* 500 companies don't net that much in a year. He claimed over and over again that the Olympics did not cost taxpayers a dime, when in fact the government spent \$65 million on security and other subsidies.

After being the center of the world's attention for months on end, capped by the ultimate all-American seal of approval, being named *Time's* Man of the Year, Peter Ueberroth—the exemplar of three-ring capitalism, the redeemer of America's work ethic—took the job of commissioner of baseball. One moment people were talking about drafting him for president, and the next he was the man who replaced Bowie Kuhn, a trade association front man at the beck and call of 26

greedy, cranky owners. Now, Pete, was that a wise career move? In the language of psycho-entrepreneurship (the lingua franca of our times), Peter Ueberroth is not a risk-taker. He resolved to take the job of baseball commissioner before the Games began.

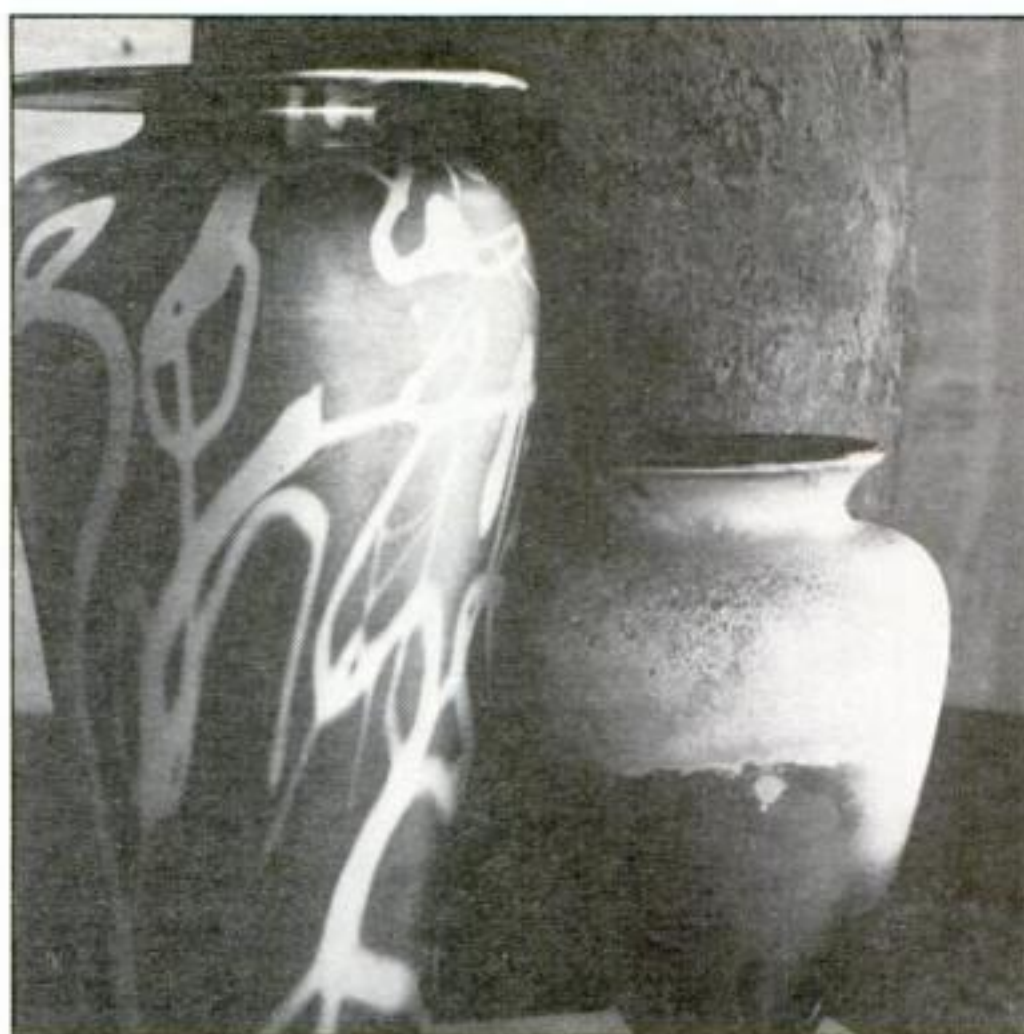
As baseball commissioner, his greatest claim to fame is starting America's current obsession with urinating into bottles. When a dozen or so baseball players were being investigated by a grand jury for using cocaine, Ueberroth made the obligatory chatter about athletes as role models for children (models of what? greed? bad taste? bad grammar?) and came up with a grand solution: *All right, men, get out those specimen jars.* He announced, with much fanfare, that there would be mandatory drug-testing for nearly everyone involved in baseball, including secretaries and batboys—except, it turned out, for the players, who were protected from such invasive procedures by a previously negotiated agreement. The only people anyone cared about were the only ones not to be tested.

Of course, Ueberroth is not content ruling over only baseball. His ultimate ambitions are political. How do we know? Because he denies it so vociferously. As a politician, Ueberroth is in the recent tradition of American leaders who speak English as though it were their second language.

But so what if he's Mr. Malaprop; he's a man of action, not words. Dollar signs speak louder than highfalutin phrases. Moreover, Ueberroth has already mastered the key techniques for political success: get in front of a camera, wherever it is, and quickly assume credit, whenever possible. Although Ueberroth appeared to have little to do with the resolution of the baseball strike last year, he winked at the public and everyone gave him credit for solving it. Moreover, he has the successful politician's talent for ubiquity, the Jesse Jackson penchant for turning up in highly public places for no apparent reason.

But by becoming commissioner of baseball, Ueberroth has squandered his political treasury of grace from the Olympics. The man who was negotiating with nations is now trying to figure out whether or not the designated hitter is a good thing. George Steinbrenner may be a yahoo, and dealing with him may be trying, but he's not Gorbachev. Ueberroth recently published his memoirs, *Made in America*—the perfect title for a campaign autobiography. The book ends this way: "It is my opinion that we live in the greatest country on earth. If the people believe in our country and our fellow citizens, we can accomplish almost any worthy goal. . . . Nothing stays the same. Things either progress or retrogress." It's sentiments like these that make Jack Kemp seem deep and Gary Hart profound. ☺

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alive and well...and
living in Harlem.*

HOWARD HUGHES has been living for a number of years on the second floor of a five-story brick apartment building on West 149th Street. White venetian blinds, lowered to the window sash, conceal the Hughes retreat from public view. In the lobby, which is accessible to the public, the Hughes name appears only once, printed in small letters on a tarnished brass mailbox. One eyewitness, who claims that he is neither a Hughes spokesman nor a Hughes bodyguard (and swears that he himself is not Howard Hughes), occupies the Hughes vestibule on a seasonal basis. Yet, incredibly, he says he has *never seen Howard Hughes enter or leave the building*.

Howard Hughes is a private man. He prefers anonymity, yet he continues to arouse public interest merely by being Howard Hughes. The lack of any precautions to protect his privacy is puzzling. Hughes has allowed his full name to be listed on page 741 of the 1986-87 Manhattan NYNEX White Pages. He has also permitted the publication of his telephone number (which is composed of seven digits—to make it look like everybody else's) and his address (which is printed in the same six-point type that is used in NYNEX White Pages throughout the metropolitan area).

The people who telephone Howard Hughes—and they call frequently—are curious about the mysterious life he leads. They call, for example, to find out whether Hughes is living. They also call to find out if he is dead. Certain callers want to hear about the women Hughes has known, and about the Kleenex boxes he has been said to wear on his feet instead of bedroom slippers. Sometimes a person will telephone Hughes just to ask if Hughes really is Howard Hughes. *The Howard Hughes*.

This last question puts Hughes in a tough spot. When a man named Howard Hughes denies that he is Howard Hughes, certain callers simply go right on believing that they are talking to the ostensibly dead Howard Hughes, because *of course the real Howard Hughes, if he were living, would pretend that he is not Howard Hughes*.

Mrs. Howard Hughes, who has valiantly shared

★
THE WELL-
GROOMED
HOWARD HUGHES
WITH HIS
ART COLLECTION



the burden—and the magic—of the Hughes name since her wedding day, also shares her husband's dislike of publicity. To repel the curious, she has cultivated a brisk telephone manner. By keeping her curtains drawn, Mrs. Hughes has managed to elude the limelight—until now. As an unfamous person with a famous name, hers is a characteristically eighties life-style, as she all but conceded in a recent interview exclusive to SPY.

"I guess we'll always receive calls and things as long as we have that name," Mrs. Howard Hughes says. "But I don't want to talk about it."

MICHAEL JACKSON was living around the corner from the Howard Hugheses even before the release of Michael Jackson's remarkable hit album *Thriller*. Michael Jackson has never met Howard Hughes. There is a possibility that the two men have crossed paths on Amsterdam Avenue, but it is unlikely that Michael Jackson would have had the time to stop and chat even if he had recognized his elusive neighbor.

Michael Jackson is a busy man. His job with an airline requires that he conduct business over his private telephone in the Jackson apartment, on Amsterdam Avenue at 150th Street. Often when Michael is expecting an important call, or when he needs to use the line, the Jackson telephone will ring and a small, quavery voice will ask, "May I speak to Michael—or one of his brothers?"

The Jackson fans are usually children, and many of them have very soft voices. Some of them unknowingly place unreasonable demands on Michael's time.

For instance, when a long-distance caller has an especially soft voice, it can take a long time to understand what he or she is trying to say. Moreover, each caller has his or her own special message for Michael—or Jackie, or Tito, or Marlon, or Randy, or Jermaine.

At times, the breathless adoration of Jackson fans has been almost unbearable. "When the *Thriller* album was out, and then the video, people were calling with uncanny frequency," Michael recalls. "It was truly interfering with my communication with my job." But as Michael Jackson has burrowed deeper into his private world, the interruptions on 150th Street have gradually diminished. And what does Michael Jackson hope for in his future? "Peace," he says. "Perhaps I'll have a little bit of peace."

JIMMY CARTER has begun to notice that his telephone doesn't ring as often as it once did. Carter, who lives in the same neighborhood as Howard Hughes and Michael Jackson, was involved "at one time," he says, in politics. Of course, 1976 was the historic year in which Carter emerged from obscurity at 3333 Broadway to receive national attention and, in some cases, homage. Democrats and Republicans alike called Carter, all of them hoping to have a word with the dark-horse presidential candidate, or with aides working at Carter campaign headquarters. "This was the number at which they figured he could be reached," Carter remembers. The calls continued throughout the Carter presidency, a period that Carter refers to as the Carter "reign."

Then, all of a sudden, the calls stopped. No one wanted to speak to Jimmy Carter anymore.

Carter places the date at which the calls stopped on or about January 1981—the very month that marked the beginning of the Reagan years.

"I haven't had that problem in quite some time," says Jimmy Carter, who nowadays has only one spokesperson answering his telephone.



BEHIND THIS LAYER OF HIGH SECURITY, JIMMY CARTER OVERSEES THE RENOVATION OF HIS LIBRARY



BARBARA WALTERS is no stranger to fame. True, she has not yet interviewed Jimmy Carter, but when Walters, now in her forties, worked part-time at Trans World Airlines, her co-workers included Joan Fontaine and Elizabeth Taylor. "It was," Walters recalls, "very interesting."

Walters, who pronounces her *r*'s beautifully, now teaches English at a private school on Amsterdam Avenue at 97th Street. She is a native New Yorker. As it happens, Walters communicates regularly with viewers of ABC's *20/20*, on which Barbara Walters serves as cohost. Every Thursday evening, after the one-hour program is over, at least one viewer telephones Walters at her home on Seventh Avenue at 138th Street.

"The men are always nice," she says, "but once in a while you'll get a woman. They will be very snippy sometimes, and say, 'Well, I *must* speak to her,' and I'll say, 'Well, just call NBC Studios.'"

Barbara Walters, however, works at ABC News, the telephone number for which is (212) 887-7777.

Out-of-towners often demand that Walters provide Barbara Walters's telephone number, which is, of course, unlisted. "It's funny when people say, 'Well, do you have her number?' Sometimes I'll get kind of snappy and I'll say, 'Be realistic! Why would I have her number? You know, someone who makes \$6 million! Why would I have her phone number?'"

Walters also receives overseas calls for Barbara Walters, as well as letters from abroad. Usually Walters automatically forwards foreign mail to Barbara Walters. Not long ago, for instance, Walters received a package from Japan addressed to Barbara Walters. She took the package to the nearest post office, where she told a clerk to "make sure you forward it to NBC Studios—rather than to me."

Barbara Walters, however, has not worked at NBC for ten years. The address of ABC News is 7 West 66th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Roy Cohn's last regret—that he never married Barbara Walters—brings a bittersweet smile to Barbara Walters's lips. "That's what he said? He said that? I don't know why he said that." After a few moments, Barbara confides, "It was just sad the way he died. It was like a series of bad luck—you know, being disbarred, getting sick, and then to die and all."

Walters has never considered removing her own telephone number from the phone book. "It's a nuisance when they call at night. But my friends don't call after midnight, so if the phone rings, I don't answer it. Once in a blue moon you still get the calls, and I always just say, 'Please call NBC Studios.'"

No one named Barbara Walters was working at NBC as this issue went to press. ☺



BARBARA WALTERS WITH THE HOUSEHOLD OBJECT THAT MADE HER A HOUSEHOLD NAME



He was a regular guy, a writer. But then the German authorities decided he was a talented lptor. And then, three months ago, he took Berlin by storm. A hoax? High culture gone wacko?

GUY MARTIN tells his amazing true story.

As far as I've been able to understand it, the whole thing started because I owned a dog, a brilliant Irish setter bitch that I'd brought to New York from Alabama. Marlene and I used to walk through the Bowery, where I had a loft, and around Orchard Street. We communicated with each other telepathically as we strolled through the souk of junkies and whores on Delancey. Since life prevented the dog from using her omniscient nose to read for prey, she developed a remarkable ability to read the street: who was harmless, who was in trouble, who was bad.

We also had cats, given to us by people who thought we needed them. I built the cats a scratching post out of some scrap wood and an old piece of carpet turned jute side out. It was an ugly, khaki-colored object six feet tall or better. They used it as a sort of reconnaissance pole and emergency bailout tree when they weren't getting along with the dog. The tree bore a lot of traffic.

The cats shredded the carpet in very short order, great dun-colored chunks of it hanging this way and that. Because my loyalties lay with the dog, I was lazy about replacing it. I figured I'd just let them rip the whole thing off and then I'd tack on a new rug.

It was summertime. Summer is traditionally the season for Europeans to tour the city, and that year the hip ones had discovered the charms of the Lower

ch Bin Ein Artist

East Side. When they got as far down the Bowery as our house, however, it usually meant that they were lost. The dog knew they were in trouble.

*One afternoon at the corner of Bowery and Spring we saw a pleasant-looking fellow, dressed in white, puzzling over a map at the phone booth. His name was Norbert Stück; he was an artist from Berlin and he was looking for Clintonstrasse. I told him Clinton wasn't the sort of *Strasse* where one stood around with luggage. He said he would call to see if his friends were home. I used to live in Berlin, and my German was good enough to get the idea that Norbert's friends, one after another, were giving him the old brush-off on the phone. He badly needed help.*

*My wife has never been very good with social surprises, at least not with the ones I've presented her over the years, and so she was put out that I'd invited Norbert to park his bags in the loft. Somebody from the street? *Was I crazy?* She likes to hang about in her underwear in the summertime, and I think it irritated her to have to get dressed. But I'm convinced what upset her most was the language problem—that is, she'd never really heard me speak German. I won't say she imagined SS men jackbooting through her life, but I believe that for some time she and a large number of my friends had secretly felt that I was capable of a radical personality change, that my purchase on reality was just thin enough to let me jump the groove. I think she was afraid that this was it.*

Stepping off the plane into a spirited domestic ar-

In Berlin, the mock artist



amid his mock work

gument was not exactly how Norbert had imagined spending his first afternoon in America. He had good manners, and so he began to look around the loft in a heroic attempt to act invisible until the vibes settled down. Then he noticed the cat tree. He exclaimed at once that he must put this object in his next exhibition in Berlin. This seemed like a perfectly reasonable request to me, if a little sudden. But I had enough presence of mind to know it wouldn't look good if I translated it for my wife right then—"Great news, dear! Norbert here wants to take the cat tree back to an art show in Europe!" Instead, I asked Norbert, in German, "Don't you think it might be a little cumbersome on the plane?"

Norbert asked if I could send him the carpet. What seemed to move him most was that this object, once removed to a gallery, would be perceived as intentional. Norbert would be channeling the cats' obsession in a new direction, reducing the tool-ness of the object and replacing it with a nameless but awesome function. I didn't know it at the time, and didn't really care, but this was my first lesson in art. Then we went out for some beer.

I sent the cat tree to Berlin, where, I'm obliged to report, it was a huge success. Norbert exhibited the wrapping in which the thing arrived, including my exceedingly artistic customs declaration. What could they have made of all this? It wasn't important. The important thing for any budding artist, as I was to learn, is never to ask this question.

We couldn't stop there: for the next four years, Norbert peppered me with letters detailing his projects. His work grew to be admired for its rambunctious wit, and he had shows—or art actions, as he called them—in Berlin, Brussels and Lublin. In 1984 Norbert asked me to participate in an action called Projekt Kernseife—"Project Suet Soap," more or less. As part of a worldwide network of correspondents following his instructions, I was required to collect and send him pieces of used soap from restrooms in major museums.

Norbert's projects formed my outlook on post-modern art to a remarkable degree, naturally without my realizing it. At the time they simply fit my definition of pure fun: ludicrous but somehow meaningful errands, with no chance of a profit motive to creep in and spoil them. Plus, I enjoyed the conceit: I meet a guy on the street, I send him a piece of carpet, presto, now I must search for used soap in public bathrooms. What would he think of next? The key was to have no aspirations, none at all, and never to think of my jobs for Norbert as art.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Looking back over the years, the determining factor in my development as an international artist was my arrest, at the hands of a gun-toting New York Sanitation Police officer, for walking my dog without a leash. It was again summer. The dog and I were apprehended in our usual lounging spot, a small park between Chrystie and Forsyth that was home to a



voracious heroin community and several dozen round-the-clock fellatio artists. The lieutenant said it was part of a citywide crackdown on unleashed dogs. Then he handed us a summons for \$50.

To earn money to pay the fine, I wrote a portrait of our arrest, published under the title "Walking the Dog." When it came out, I sent it to Norbert, simply as an amusement. It galvanized him. He thought we should do some art based on it. He thought I should come to Berlin to walk the dog.

During 1985 there were strange bubblings out of Berlin about some sort of project. In the fall I received an urgent call—was I participating or not? *Participating?* In what? Norbert and some fellow artists had put together a group show, wherein each Berliner would work with a New Yorker to develop projects about the two cities. Norbert asked me to be his partner. It seemed baroque enough—no curator, huge art egos working on the buddy system—to be in no real danger of happening. I said yes.

But I had underestimated the power of art in Europe, and particularly in West Berlin. Somehow somebody persuaded a gallery, the Neue Gesellschaft für bildende Kunst (NGBK, "New Society for Visual Art"), to take on the show, and with that the Berlin senate coughed up DM 19,000, or about \$9,500, for our catalog, our plane tickets and living expenses. *Catalog?* Suddenly things were serious. Then the senate gave us more money. People were calling me transatlantic to ask for "slides" of my "work." *Slides?* I had some slides from a trip to Africa. I did my best pretending to forget about it.

But my friendship with Norbert forced me to meet my casual commitment to art. We talked about walking the dog around Berlin. Norbert had in fact already committed us to this program by including it in the catalog. My "slide" in the catalog was the customs declaration I had sent over

High concept, high charlatanry: the watchman's stool was swiped, the author's legs were stuck into the holes, the typewriter was in a cage. Voilà—sculpture.



PS Form 2980
Sept. 1987

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Parcel Post Customs and Export Declaration
Universe of Customs (D'Expédition)

Open and Read: Customs in each country

QTY	Detailed List of Contents	VALUE (U.S. \$)
1	piece of carpet for pet work (SCULPTURE)	
1	stool for pet work (SCULPTURE)	

AIR MAIL

The undersigned certifies that the particulars given in this declaration are correct and that this item does not contain any dangerous articles prohibited by postal regulations.

Signature: *[Signature]* Date: *[Date]*

Weight (kg): *[Weight]* Postage: *[Postage]* Clerk's initials: *[Initials]* Insured Value (U.S. \$): *[Value]*

with the cat tree.

The title of our current work was, in fact, *Walking the Dog*. The plan was simple: on our walks we would gather news—text from the street, as it were. We might even let gallery-goers follow us as we collected the text and took it to our imaginary *Büro*, or office, in the gallery. I didn't know how exciting this would be for the people watching, but it reassured me that I might perform something close to my usual reportorial function. Unfortunately, I told Norbert, there was a problem. Marlene, the dog we were supposed to be walking, had died.

This didn't strike him as much of a blow to our concept. He said he had been planning to suggest that I bring a small stuffed one anyway.

The news that I was off to Berlin to become an artist was greeted with mixed emotions by my friends

and family. My wife hated the idea, thought it was monumentally inconsiderate of me not to have consulted her. She came around later, after realizing she could dine out on the story in her inimitable fashion. People began to find it very funny. What was it about the art world that made everybody want to clap me on the back and send me into the fray?

My closest friends, recognizing this golden opportunity to strike a blow for high charlatanry, counseled me to go big—in other words, to become America's own extremely downtown artist: black clothes, clenched jaw, hard language and plenty of inexplicable behavior. They tried to give me common household objects to put in the show as my work: salt and pepper shakers, res-

taurant flatware, whatever they happened to be holding.

Among my artist friends there were two schools of thought: (1) the Berlin senate must be crazy, but it was all too funny and I'd be a fool not to go; and (2) the Berlin senate must be crazy, but the fact that I, a mere civilian, could receive a free trip to Europe and a group show was yet another nauseating and dangerous example of corruption at all levels of art funding, and I should in good conscience cede my place to somebody who deserved it—namely, to them.

I find myself in mid-August on a flight to Berlin with three stuffed dogs, staving off an identity crisis with quantities of in-flight champagne. This is for real. This is art in action, brother, and I'm it.



Norbert meets me at the airport the next morning, full of plans to be hatched. We drive first to the Gallery NGBK, where we meet the administrator. I thank her a bit too profusely for having the show,

and she smiles politely and says she's unused to these effusive Americans. Then she quietly leaves us sitting in her spacious office and returns bearing two crisp DM 1,000 notes, which she hands to me with an equally crisp little inclination of her head. I have trouble believing in this transaction, but my manners remain intact, and I don't put the money away too quickly. This is my art money from the German government, about \$1,000. Then Norbert and I leave to go figure out how we are going to spend it.

We arrive at his studio, a loft filled with Norbert's luminous piles of soap. We spread out on a table the matters pertaining to our mock *Büro*: rubber stamps and ink pads, Marlene's old leash and collar, cameras. The stuffed dogs present a problem. One is a calico Deputy Dawg, entirely too cute. Another is Snoopy, rejected out of hand, and the third, which shows some promise, is a gray poodle leaking her sawdust from being banged around on the plane ride over. Maybe she would be sharper, I say, if we ripped her head off. Norbert says, "You can't *make* a good accident, but you can let one happen."

So our policy becomes clear: we must find the things we need, but we can't look for them. They will appear by chance. Our job is to be ready for them.

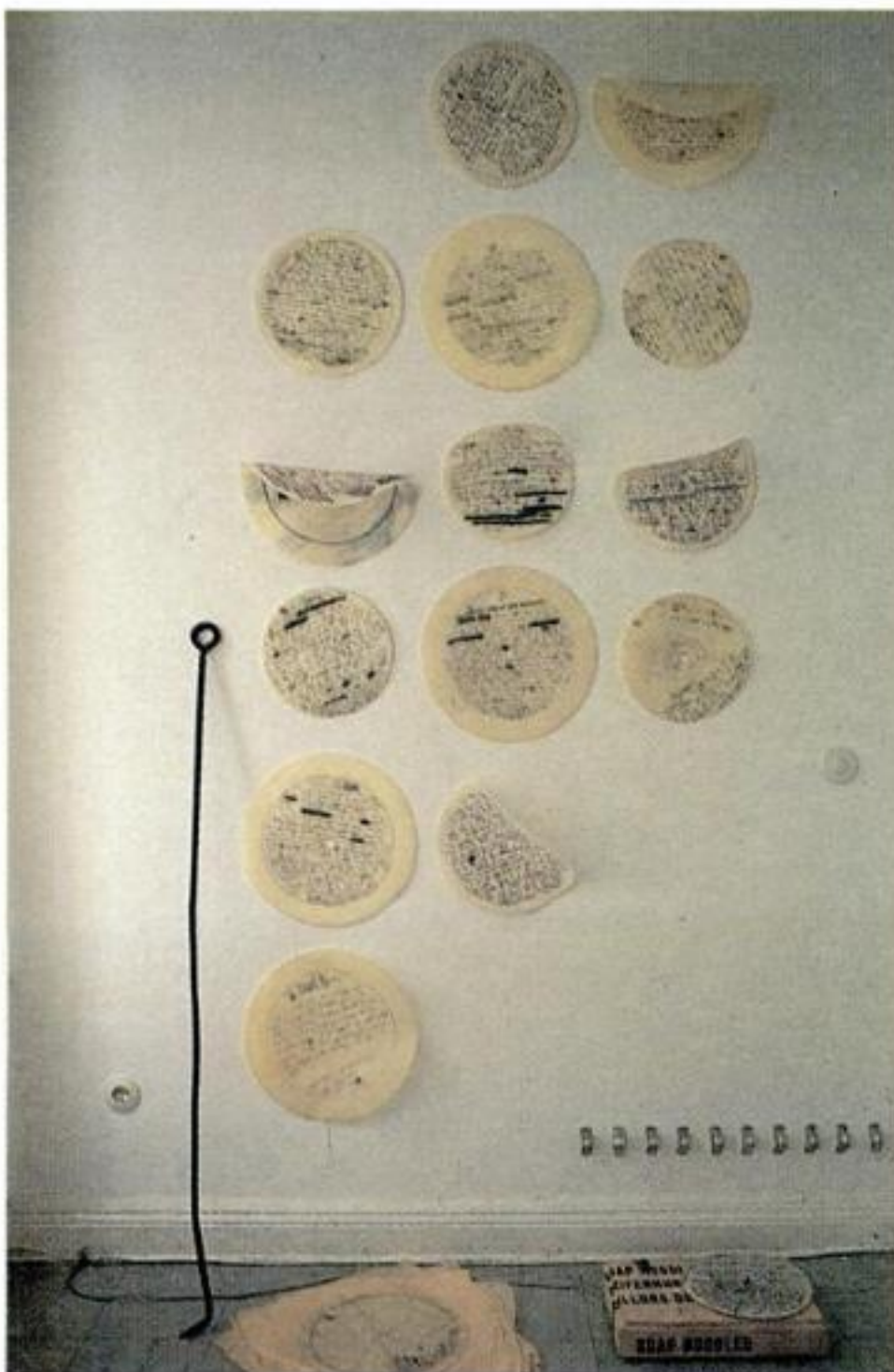
He hands me some rubber plates he has lying around. They are cream in color, about a quarter of an inch thick and 12 to 14 inches across. They seem to be the cuttings left over from the manufacture of gaskets. Norbert suggests that I write my texts on these things. We'll hang them in the gallery. The idea is that I'm to carry a couple as notepads wherever I go in Berlin, whip one out when the muse strikes me and write a story on it. Norbert calls them *Textpfannkuchen*, or "text pancakes." I find that for the first few days, walking around Berlin and writing on giant rubber plates makes me feel a little conspicuous.

The next day we grab a dozen text pancakes and head off to the gallery for a champagne brunch with our colleagues. Counting me and Norbert, there are eleven artists working in as nightmarish a bag of late-twentieth-century media as possible: two sculptors, three video people, a performance artist, a musician, a graffitist and a woman who, of all things, draws with charcoal on paper. Some of the artists demand to know the whereabouts of my dog. I dissemble.

The gallery space I've been assigned seems fine for our *Büro*. Speaking strictly high concept here, it will be the editor's desk, the second stop in our metaphorical information factory for the text we gather while walking the now-metaphorical dog. Norbert suggests we hang the text pancakes near the desk, to keep the stories and the metaphorical editing facility close together. From there he'll run a "pipeline" to his sculpture, a steel-and-



At first the author felt conspicuous carrying huge rubber "text pancakes" around Berlin



and writing on them. But Berlin responded well. Why? Because he was an artist, of course.

soap "antenna" lying on the floor near a window, where our text, now metaphorically reduced to a signal, returns to the street. Metaphorically.

We begin construction of the desk. We decide to build it with the front closed except for two perfectly circular leg holes exactly the size of the smaller text pancakes. For a few days after we finish it we feel it's necessary to chain me to the desk during the opening, but then we think maybe that's overstating our case.

We have difficulty with the chair; everything we try seems too plain or too complicated. One afternoon, long after business hours, we come across a factory with its gate mysteriously open. Inside the gate stands a three-legged steel stool with a circular wooden seat—the watchman's stool.

Just then, a construction worker walks past us through the gate.

Norbert jerks his thumb at me. "He's an artist," he explains. "He wants to put it in an exhibition around the corner."

The worker picks up the stool and smiles elaborately. "If they ask you about it, you can say you got it from me."

I realize this finding-without-looking stuff requires strenuous doublethink—you don't want to look *at* something too hard for fear you might be looking *for* it. At any rate, the stool and its magical fit into our *Büro* put us on the lookout for more round shapes. Holes, we call them, and we begin to see them everywhere we look—without looking for them, of course. I worry about the original concept of the dog—have we lost her? I don't want to lose the dog. No, says Norbert, *the hole is the dog*. At the time, this makes sense to me, but even then I feel that, although I'm being paid by the government to think like this, I don't know how much longer I can keep it up.

Some people from the TV network for northern West Germany come to tape us at work. I sit at the desk with my legs in the holes, take pen in hand and fill two text pancakes. It's fair to say that this is not the best writing I've ever done, but these people need a performance of art, quick. The way it's staged for the cameras, I remain with my legs locked in the desk and Norbert walks in with some fresh pancakes for me to fill. Then I begin to read, with what I imagine to be an artist's unsmiling gravity:

"The texts collected by today: you order, we deliver text. The holes will let themselves be found. We shouldn't have played with the public water, but it was late, and many people had gone on vacation."

Standing back against the wall, smoking, is a research assistant from the network. She has cropped brown hair and a pair of widely set Slavic eyes, and she affects the casual but

expensive manner of many behind-the-camera people. In short, a real tomato. She strolls over after I extricate myself from my desk—an ungainly process, I'm discovering, until you get your first leg out.

"Excuse me," she breathes, "I just wanted to tell you I thought that was very fine."

"Thanks."

"If you don't mind, for me personally, I have a few questions about your art."

"What would you like to know?"

"I just do this job for the money," she says with an attractive curl of the lip. "In reality I study art."

"Terrific."

"I really think this rubber is just a wonderful material. Where did you find it?"

"Well, I believe we got it in an industrial rubber store my partner knows about."

"If you don't mind my asking, how did you decide to write on it?"

With her question I feel something changing inside me; I know I have reached art toxicity. I'm bad, I'm international. I have my first art groupie, and I can tell her anything I want.

"Look, it's not a matter of *deciding*. It's beyond 'choices' in the normal sense of the word. You do what is necessary. I'm a writer. I had to do this."

I expect to be severely punished for this

rank line. But I can see she feels like I've done her a great favor.

The opening is packed—haircuts, black and green leather, heavy party armor. The video room gets the crunch for a while, but I watch with amazement as a steady group of about 20 art lovers huddle around the text pancakes, dutifully *reading*. Somehow in the shuffle I'd completely forgotten that the old familiar transaction might occur, that I'd been writing, that people might pay attention to the words. I order the first of the evening's many iced Polish vodkas, and then I stop thinking.

Two days later, just having graduated to a first-name basis with my hangover, I disembark at JFK. My luggage is mercifully quick. I have nothing to declare, I tell the customs man, except this bottle of Chivas.

"And how long were you out of the country, sir?"


"Two weeks."

"No gifts?"

"Just the Scotch."

"And the purpose of your visit?"

I think, *Should I do this?* It's probably going to be my last chance. And I'm used to the lie by now. I say, "I had an exhibition in Germany. I'm an artist." ☺



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money helps

Once fashion designers became celebrities, it was only a matter of time before celebrities became fashion designers. It is the new vocation of choice for the vocationless rich and famous. HOLLY BRUBACH thinks the trend has an ill fit.



POSITION WANTED: FASHION DESIGN

Dilettante debutante. Former actress, artist. High-class name, Pierrot collars. Wide rectangular smile, slightly forced. Travels w/ own gal Fri. Seeks to make world a better place through smoother-fitting blue jeans.

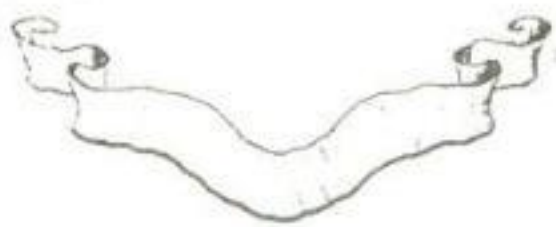
When I was in the sixth grade, I was taught that the proof of what a great country America was lay in the fact that anyone could grow up to be president. Alas, this fact is no longer as impressive as it's supposed to be, the reason being that inflation has eroded the standards we use to measure social progress; the highest office in the land has slipped a few notches. It seems to me that Bruce Springsteen and Ralph Lauren now make a more persuasive case for the Land of Opportunity than Abraham Lincoln. "What's the world coming to?" you might well ask. I have no idea, but I do know that this is a country in which anyone can grow up to be a rock star and, failing that, can become a fashion designer.

These days, more and more socialites and celebrities, on the basis of their consummate taste and very little else, are declaring themselves designers and, if sales figures are the ultimate criterion, making a respectable go of it without ever having taken so much as a night course in pattern-making. Yves Saint Laurent apprenticed himself to Christian Dior; Emanuel Ungaro, to Balenciaga; Geoffrey Beene, to Molyneux; Carolina Herrera, Charlotte Ford, C. Z. Guest, Jacqueline de Ribes and Christophe de Menil, to no one. Claire McCardell, Norma Kamali and Calvin Klein went to design schools. Ralph Lauren and Perry Ellis studied business and retail marketing instead. Gloria Vanderbilt, Dianne Brill, Tommy Hilfiger and Brooke Shields didn't even do that.

Author and "academician of clothes," professor of the finer things, volunteer arbiter of taste. Admires C. Grant, D. Fairbanks, F. Astaire and D. of Windsor. Missionary zeal. Fanatic attention to others' details. Career goal: market stylistically correct menswear for the masses.

Designers today conceive of themselves as figureheads and visionaries, too preoccupied with their own image and its upkeep, too intent on the *idea* of a dress, to be bothered with figuring out how to actually make one. To be honest, many of them don't design anything. Laura Ashley, for instance, never put pencil to paper: the Victorian posy-printed fabrics on which she built her empire were in fact reproductions of designs in the public domain, on file in various textile libraries in England. Of those designers who actually do some designing, most leave the "details" to their assistants. Fashion in America is above all else a business, and it takes place on such a large scale that the old notion of the couturier as artisan, smitten by the look and feel of a certain fabric, laboring into the night to get it to drape just right, begins to seem hopelessly quaint.

Many in the recent crop of upstart designers seem more enamored of the notion of being a designer than they are interested in the task of designing itself. Tommy Hilfiger threw over his minor career in retailing, with his own chain of seven upstate blue-jeans stores, and turned to designing (for Murjani International) because he decided that "being a designer would really be a very nice life." Diane Von Furstenberg is not nearly as well known for her designs as for the epic trappings of her well-documented life: her boutique, conceived as "a temple to Venus" and designed by architect Michael Graves; her \$12,000 bed, designed by Dakota Jackson. Alan Flusser, author of *Making the Man* and a self-appointed



ed "academician of clothes," though he designs men's clothing, doesn't wear the clothes he designs. His own suits are handmade by the Savile Row tailors Anderson & Sheppard, on the grounds that "I can't learn about the things that make suits more comfortable unless I have my own suits made for me." The designer today, no longer required to be an innovator, may get away with being simply a professional connoisseur.

Finicky French viscomptesse, haute couture clotheshorse, take-charge person. Top-notch. Tall, slim, exc. posture, long neck, aristocratic nose. At ease at social functions. Highly visible. Marketable aura. Assume design responsibility for line of p.m. clothes for women tall, slim, w/ exc. posture, long necks, aristocratic noses.

A lot of women—socialites whose wardrobes have been their main avocation anyway—get to thinking that fashion might be a nice, hospitable vocation. We've all stood looking at ourselves in a fitting-room mirror and thought, *Gee, if only the pockets were a little lower and the collar weren't so big.* The difference between you and me and the women who frequent the haute couture houses, however, is that we have this experience at The Gap and they have it at Yves Saint Laurent or Emanuel Ungaro. The clothes these women are presuming to improve upon were made for them by the best designers of our time.

"I know what I like and don't like," says Jacqueline de Ribes, a French *viscomptesse* and a fashion plate whose style was so celebrated by the fashion press over the past 30-some years that she was encouraged to become a designer herself. She never patronized Chanel, whom she greatly admired, because Chanel refused to allow clients to fiddle with her designs. When De Ribes ordered her clothes from Christian Dior, she negotiated every detail with the house's young couturier, Yves Saint Laurent. Saint Laurent was there (along with Ungaro and Valentino, whom she also patronizes) in 1983 at the showing of her first collection in her home on the rue de la Bienfaisance, in Paris. De Ribes's clothes, as it turns out, are indeed an improved version of the sort she herself wears—narrow, columnar gowns, often asymmetrical, with one shoulder, one long diagonal ruffle spiraling around the body.

Aristocratic women are perhaps in a better position than others to set themselves up in the fashion business: they have the capital, the social connections, the notoriety and the cachet that a designer needs to succeed. During the 1960s Princess Irene Galitzine, descended from a thirteenth-century king of Lith-

**Aristocratic
(and quasi-
aristocratic)
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uana, was one of the leading forces in Italian fashion. She started the rage for "party pants." Princess Pignatelli, a tall, blond beauty who went on to greater fame by making TV commercials for Camay soap, introduced one of her first collections in 1967, in the drawing room of her home in Rome, the Palazzo Taverna.

Princess-by-marriage w/ jersey wrap dress, sultry, unoriginal. Belgian-born, fluent five languages. Jet-set vamp. Available for licensing agreements, including hosiery, watches, stationery, children's clothes, eyeglasses, home furnishings, costume jewelry, fragrance, intimate apparel—no reasonable offer refused.

Diane Von Furstenberg, a princess by her marriage to Egon von und zu Furstenberg, designs for women who share her penchant for volatile color combinations (think red, pink and lavender) and appreciate her dead-serious, slightly stilted brand of chic. Donina Cicogna, an Italian countess who showed her debut collection of late-day and evening dresses at Le Cirque in 1984, claims to have gone into fashion design at the suggestion of a reporter from *Women's Wear Daily*, who told her, "You always look so great in other people's clothes, why don't you design your own?"

Carolina Herrera outfits her peers in grand evening dresses and precious ensembles suitable primarily for going to lunch. C. Z. Guest, untitled but a high-ranking member of New York's social set, has designed an uninspired line of cashmere sweaters for Adolfo. Charlotte Ford and Gloria Vanderbilt each embarked in 1976 on her own ready-to-wear collection. Princess Katalin zu Windisch-Graetz and Christophe de Menil have designed lines of dresses; Lyn Revson, a sweater collection; Pilar Crespi, eyeglasses.

The notion of a noblewoman getting her hands dirty by going to work in fashion isn't without precedent. Princesses used to devise their own dresses as a matter of course, and the style of their dress was adopted by the ladies of the court. Then, in the mid-1800s, along came Charles Frederick Worth, who changed all that. By authoring the clothes himself and signing his name to the label, he ushered in our definition of a fashion designer and became a star in his own right.

Buxom Mae West type, blond, good-time girl, darling of clubland, star of Details magazine's party pages. Dynamic, highly motivated. Of the moment. Likes men, menswear. High school ed., no formal training, no apologies.

Many designers today apparently feel that establishing an image for their clothes is no longer enough—that they must also establish an image for themselves. Dianne Brill, who designs menswear, thinks it's mandatory that a designer today have an image (hers is buxom, blond, bursting at the seams, man-hungry). Famous on the downtown club circuit faithfully covered by *Details*, she has gone into busi-

ness with Gary Bogard, the magazine's publisher. "Just look at what Calvin Klein has done by putting his face out there," she says. Karl Lagerfeld's advertisements for himself have appeared in *W*: arty black-and-white double-page portraits shot in close-up and captioned only with his name.

Fame used to be hard-won, conferred on people who had proved the measure of their greatness in sports, science, diplomacy, entertainment, the arts. Now it is available to fashion designers too—not only to the outstanding few but to anyone who puts his or her name on a label. Through advertising, designers can now make themselves famous, and with celebrity come all the usual perquisites—better tables in restaurants, no waiting in ticket holders' lines and, of course, a blanket affirmation that one is important and interesting.

Once designers became celebrities, celebrities were willingly convinced by merchandisers that they could be designers. Brigitte Bardot came out with her own line of dresses in 1976. Christie Brinkley turned out a line of swimsuits of her own. Stefanie Powers created a sportswear collection for Sears, and so did Cheryl Tiegs. Brooke Shields introduced her own line of jeans and coordinated tops. And Michael Jackson recently unveiled a sportswear collection of his own.

Entrepreneurial opportunist, nobody, eager, brazen, greedy. Firsthand experience in marketplace (peddled bell-bottom jeans). Goofy-looking. Copycat. No formal training. No refs. MAKE ME FAMOUS.

That millions of people now embrace merchandise designed by men and women who, by the standards that prevailed on Seventh Avenue 25 years ago, would have been qualified only to fetch coffee says less about designers in particular than it does about the state of fashion in general. Dianne Brill, who taught herself the principles of construction by taking apart jackets made for fat men and putting them back together again, transforming them into funky, oversize, one-of-a-kind items, contends that she's better off without any formal training. "If you don't know the rules," she says, "you don't know the limitations," and there are plenty of people who would agree with her. Others, of course, would insist that no designer—or painter, composer or candlestick-maker—can be in full command of his creative faculties until he has mastered his craft.

Regardless, the fact remains that in fashion today there is plenty of room for clothes that aren't too technical, too tricky in their construction, too finely tailored—that aren't too fitted, to be exact. The elaborate science of dressmaking arose in response to the problems created by trying to make a flat piece of fabric conform to the body's topography. There is still and probably always will be a place for designers who continue to practice that science, to build on it and advance it in the course of their own research. But the territory occupied by the great fashion houses and their heirs has in recent years grown smaller. A large part of fashion today is inhabited by homesteaders, who are rapidly making it their own. 3



Taittinger Champagne.
It spoils you for anything else.

1. CINDY ADAMS Fifth Avenue
2. JOEY ADAMS Fifth Avenue
3. CARL BERNSTEIN East 62nd Street
4. QUENTIN CRISP East 3rd Street
5. JOHN GUTFREUND East 52nd Street
6. JERRY HALL West 81st Street
7. JOEY HEATHERTON East 57th Street
8. MICK JAGGER West 81st Street
9. PHILIP JOHNSON West 53rd Street
10. JOHN KENNEDY JR. West 86th Street
11. MICHAEL KORDA Central Park West
12. RUPERT MURDOCH Fifth Avenue
13. RICHARD NIXON New Jersey via the West Side Highway
14. JANE PAULEY Central Park West
15. GEORGE PLIMPTON East 72nd Street
16. JULIAN SCHNABEL East 20th Street
17. ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER West 86th Street
18. CLAUDS VON BULOW Fifth Avenue
19. Rao's, for dinner
20. Hunter elementary school
21. Claremont Riding Academy, to saddle up
22. Central Park bridle path, having saddled up
23. Elaine's, for dinner
24. Upper Broadway for a stroll
25. American Restaurant, for the specials
26. Riverside Park, with the kids, and instead of touring
27. West 80th Street, to husband Garry Trudeau's studio
28. Mortimer's, and back, and forth, and back . . .
29. China Club, instead of touring

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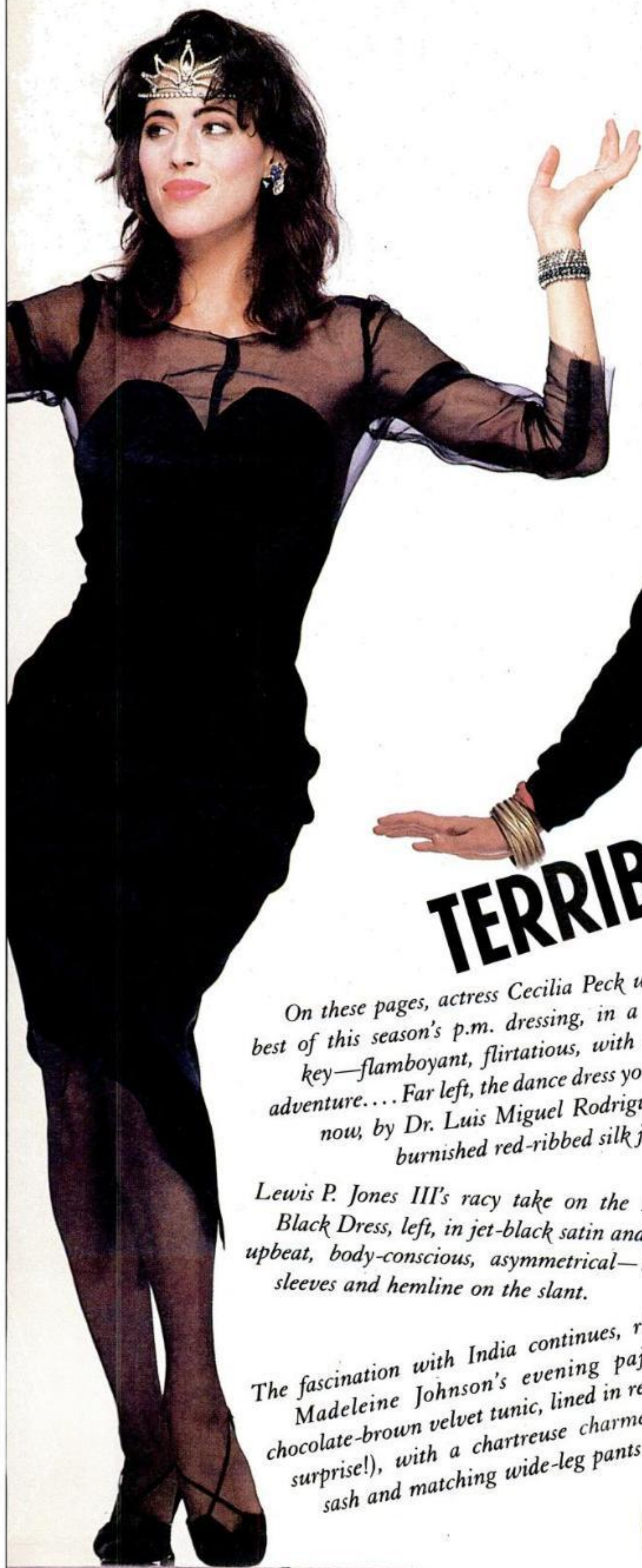
Photograph by Victor Schrage

CAN
ANYONE
BE A
FASHION
DESIGNER?

why not?

Why not, indeed. Ordinary people wear clothes. Designing them shouldn't be that difficult. All it takes is a splash of taste and a couple of past issues of *Vogue*. That's what the professional dilettante designers use (see previous article). A dentist, a psychotherapist, a banker, a lawyer and an art historian created the *smashing!* new looks on these pages. Introducing SPY's 1986 Couture Naïf collection.





TERRIBLY NEW!

On these pages, actress Cecilia Peck wears the best of this season's p.m. dressing, in a new key—flamboyant, flirtatious, with a sense of adventure.... Far left, the dance dress you want now, by Dr. Luis Miguel Rodriguez-Villa, in burnished red-ribbed silk jersey.

Lewis P. Jones III's racy take on the Little Black Dress, left, in jet-black satin and organza: upbeat, body-conscious, asymmetrical—the sleeves and hemline on the slant.

The fascination with India continues, right: Madeleine Johnson's evening pajama—a chocolate-brown velvet tunic, lined in red (the surprise!), with a chartreuse charmeuse sash and matching wide-leg pants.

Photographs by E. J. Camp. Clothes made by Alex Bowe, assisted by Caitlin Ward. Hair: North/Network. Makeup: John Rutledge. Stylist: Lynn Benet. Jewelry these pages, Wendy Gell. Shoes, left and middle: Manolo Blahnik.



Lewis P. Jones III is an investment banker who sought to combine "elegance with just the right amount of kink." Jones especially admires the Italian designers and says, "Women have inspired me."



Elizabeth Kramer, a psychotherapist, can remember when people didn't just buy clothing off store racks. "When I was growing up in Georgia, people had dressmakers." Kramer tried to design something she would wear—something "basic but not boring."

Couture Nail



Dr. Luis Miguel Rodriguez-Villa, a Manhattan dentist, says he is "more attracted by plunging backlines than by necklines." He explains, "It's more romantic if it's only after a woman turns around that you see an expanse of flesh."



David S. Brown is a partner in a New York law firm. Although this is his first fashion creation, it may not be his last. "If the demand is sufficient," he says, "I would consider a new line."



why not?

Photographs this page by Diane Rubinger. Facing page, left: watch and gloves, Barneys; Boots, Peter Fox. Right: vanity case, Chanel hat, Barneys; Jewelry, Debra Fine Yohai.

The news for day, right: Cecilia steps out in the subtle play of pastels...the ease—the impact—of Elizabeth Kramer's bicolor silk jersey scarf dress...narrow, fluid, streamlined.

GOLLY!

David S. Brown's witty homage à Yves Saint Laurent, right, to the Mondrian dress, a YSL classic: here, in cotton jersey, the (removable) color panels framed by big-toothed zippers—a passing nod to another master of Paris fashion, Azzedine Alaïa!

IN ADAPTING TO AN ENVIRONMENT AS CROWDED, CITIFIED AND, IN MANY WAYS, UNNATURAL AS CENTRAL PARK, the urban sportsman out for a morning shoot should be aware that city animals do not always look or behave as they would in more bucolic settings. Field experts note that Manhattan rabbits, for example, tend to be mangier and leaner than their upstate counterparts. Their hind legs have the muscularity of a racehorse, and their hollow-eyed glare is that of a Canarsie street kid.

There are other highly particular regional peculiarities: the shady confines of Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village, for instance, are home to a hybrid strain of jet-black squirrel that is found almost nowhere else in Manhattan. For the hunter willing to go rather far afield for his or her sport, there are pheasants in Van Cortlandt Park, foxes—red and gray—in Staten Island and a pair of peregrine falcons roosting atop the Throgs Neck Bridge.

Central Park, though, can yield a richer diversity and greater number of animals than any of the city's other parks. This despite annual human usage conservatively estimated by the city's Department of

Parks and Recreation at 14 million visits—an unbelievable density of just under 17,000 people per acre per year. (In contrast, Yellowstone National Park, which measures a generous 2.22 million acres, handled 2 mil-

lion visitors in 1985, roughly one person—and, on average, one very courteous non-New Yorker at that—per acre.)

By their sheer numbers, humans present a twofold problem for the hunter. Many New Yorkers, including the police, frown on hunting in the parks, or even carrying guns. It is therefore imperative that the gamesman learn to conceal his arsenal from public view. Guitar cases are handy for ferrying large shotguns or deer rifles, and an artist's portfolio doubles nicely as a crossbow case. And because the park can be fairly crowded, careful aim is also a must, to avoid hitting joggers and dog-walkers.

Such a constant, concentrated human presence has had a pronounced impact on the habits of park animals as well—on their feeding and sleeping, nesting and mating. Equally intrusive is the uncompromising presence of the city itself, towering over and rushing around the park, effectively sealing in many of the animals that live there year-round in what naturalists refer to as an "island habitat."

Nevertheless, the creatures survive, and for the urban sportsman, each species of game demands different hunting strategies and field equipment.



FOWL

For hunting many of the park's birds, teams of beaters are invaluable. A horn blast should alert beaters to begin fanning out. They might head south from 110th Street, say, past the Reservoir and toward hunters positioned just north of Tavern on the Green. Beaters should walk steadily toward the hunters, whacking at tree trunks and beating shrubs with sticks. The recommended close-working dog for such an exercise is the spaniel, a great help in flushing the little birds from heavy cover and in retrieving them after their dive. As for a weapon, the Kleinguenther K-15, although technically a larger-game rifle, can be used for starlings (as well as flickers and woodpeckers). The rifle comes with a written guarantee assuring users that even at 100 yards—about the length of a city block—they should be able to put three shots in a half-inch circle. There may not be much left of the bird, however.

Starlings Most songbirds are a protected species and therefore technically illegal to hunt—that is, to kill deliberately. But who's to say the shooting death of a bird isn't accidental? The European starling, a small, dark-brown bird with a thin yellow bill, typically nests in tree holes and other elevated cavities. About 60 of them were first introduced into the United States via Central Park in 1890 by a group of Shakespeare devotees seeking to Americanize all the bird varieties ever cited by the Bard (see *Henry IV*, Part I). Today the starling is one of the most common birds in North America—there are countless millions of

Huntin' and Fishin'



them. One of the reasons Central Park has so few other hole-nesters—redheaded woodpeckers, flickers and bluebirds, among others—is the starling, which will regularly muscle in on the nests of other species, dislodging adult residents and their young.

Sparrows Nothing new for the sportsman here, perhaps, yet to have killed one sparrow is by no means to have killed them all. Knowledgeable hunters have recorded 16 different types of sparrow (a form of finch, actually) in Central Park. Some versions—the adaptable swamp sparrow, say, or the open-meadow Savannah sparrow, the wandering fox sparrow and the white-throated sparrow—are indeed as common as, well, sparrows. Then again, a whole year or longer may pass before anyone reports sighting a seaside sparrow or a grasshopper sparrow. Only two sparrows—the chipping sparrow and song sparrow—have been found breeding in the park during the last 20 years.

Other Birds More than 250 different varieties of fowl have been officially recorded in the park in recent years, from the ubiquitous blue jays to less abundant red-necked grebes, coots, pipits and hummingbirds to certifiably rare Kentucky warblers, red-throated loons, screech owls, common snipes, brown creepers and yellow-bellied sapsuckers. Vultures, hawks, mute swans, Canada geese and even bald eagles have been documented in the park. While such individual sightings are impressive, what is more remarkable is that about 20 different bird species successfully breed

in the park in any given year—robins and orioles and sparrows, naturally, but also mockingbirds, chimney swifts, hairy woodpeckers, cuckoos, wood thrushes, veeries and red-eyed vireos. Geese, of course, can sometimes be caught on the wing, heading downtown, at this time of year. A good all-around, bound-to-hit-something choice of gun and ammo: the Remington 1100 Special loaded with 12-gauge Magnum Number 4 shot.

Ingenuity on the part of the hunter is a must. Decoys can be important. Sadly, not one metropolitan-area sporting-goods shop contacted by SPY stocks decoy models that could persuasively pass for a red-eyed vireo or any of the other common Central Park birds. If the gamesman is good with his hands, however, a credible ersatz blue jay, for instance, can be fashioned from wood. For the rest, nature book cut-outs glued onto cardboard will have to suffice. Ad hoc blinds—park benches, a pair of trash baskets tipped on their sides, an unused hot dog vending cart or Belvedere Castle—are always recommended.

FURBEARERS

Rodents The park's rocky, well-wooded and grassy terrain offers ideal living conditions for a variety of small rodents—field mice, shrews, voles and chipmunks. Try a handgun for this very small game.

No one knows just how many rats there are in Central Park, but they are listed on the park's official wildlife registry and, indeed, a long-tailed silhouette shows up on some of the cheery information signs posted around the park. Despite an active rat-control

The chill autumn air; the rustle of tweed and corduroy—hunting and fishing season is under way. For the sportsman, the city's parks provide a unique (and, alas, completely illegal) hunting experience. A SPY guide.

in Central *Park*

Au Revoir, Perrier®

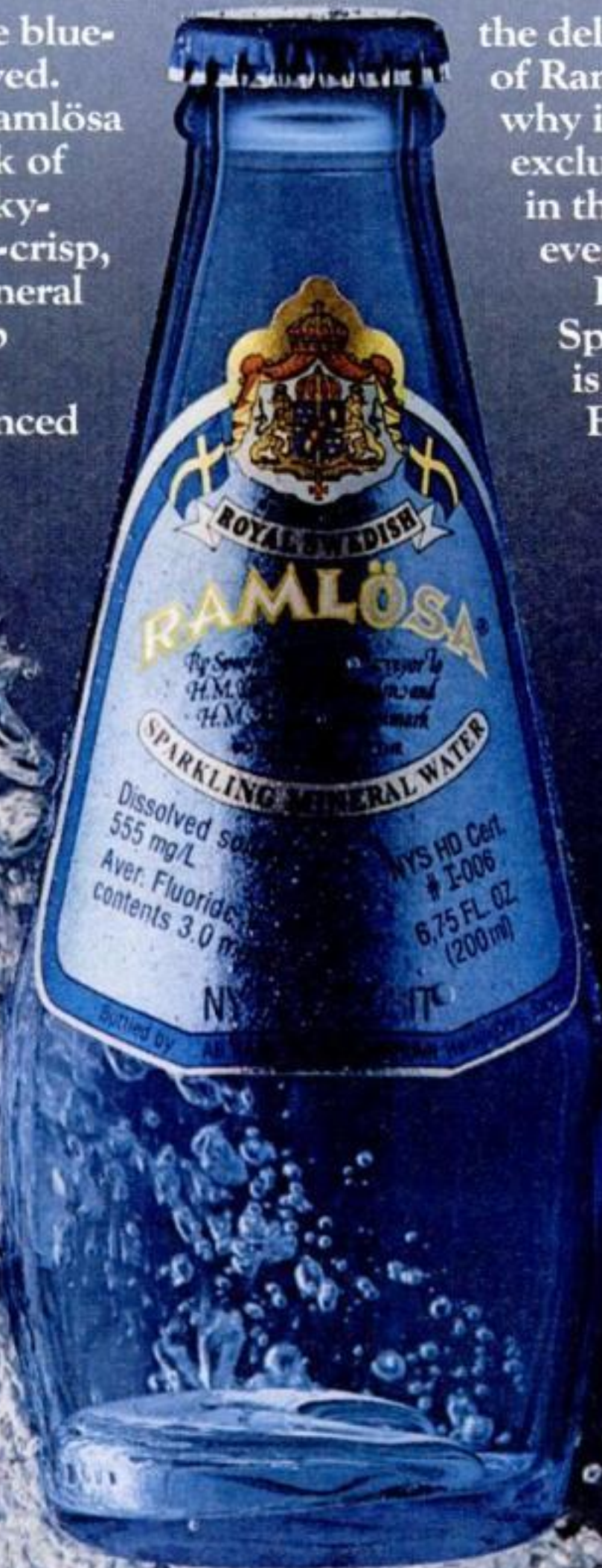
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program, the park's rats probably number well into the thousands, since they alone among nonflying park residents freely roam the surrounding city. The sheer numbers of these noxious pests mean plentiful, seductive targets for early morning shooting. A 9mm Manurhin P.38 would be a good choice—long-barreled and sharp-looking.

Unfortunately for rat enthusiasts, the prey are adept at staying out of the cross hairs of the Anschutz model 250 .22 rifle with side lever loading action, the recommended field weapon. Often novice rat-hunters give up after only a few outings, not having spotted a single rodent. On the other hand, the park's endless supply of organic garbage has actually curbed the combativeness of the rats and rendered them somewhat complacent. This makes them easier to kill but, in the view of certain urban blood-sport purists, detracts from the thrill of the hunt.

Squirrels The most visible of all game species in Central Park is the gray squirrel, a native New Yorker and one that can probably trace its ancestry back to the same piece of soil over several hundred years.

There are approximately 13,800 squirrels in Central Park today, or about 10 per acre of land. This is good news indeed for the squirrel buff. In the more heavily trafficked south end of the park, density may get even higher—near the benches approaching the Zoo, for instance, or around the Sheep Meadow.

Once a group has been spotted, the positions for the guns should be pegged, taking into account any wind variations. An air pistol such as the Feinwerkbau, a proven performer at short ranges, is ideal for downing a moving squirrel, but purists prefer the beautiful Anschutz .22 rifle with the underlever tab action. And the gamesman who bags his limit of squirrels will have an unexpected dividend at day's end: a half dozen or so of the little creatures braised can be the main course of a nouvelle feast.

Woodchucks Pockets of these furry little creatures are known to exist throughout the park, and a few larger ones have become familiar to rangers and park employees working around the Loeb Boathouse, Wollman Rink, the 79th Street garage on the West Side, the Dairy and the Arsenal. Solitary and unperturbed by humans, the woodchucks are often mistaken for beavers by shocked park-users who encounter them. For hunters frustrated by their failure to bag an elusive rat, the large and slow-moving woodchuck is a welcome target. Armed with an Ithaca Mag-10 and 6X scope, for instance, a shooter could sit in Belvedere Castle and bring down a woodchuck gamboling in the center of the Great Lawn a quarter mile away.

Rabbits The Ramble is perhaps the best place to sight and shoot one of the park's venerable eastern cottontails. They're also drawn to overgrown patches in the northwest end and, more recently, to Strawberry Fields, as well as sections all along the park wall where the underbrush is particularly thick.

Muskvats When stalking the wily muskrat in the park, the canny hunter looks first for evidence of up-

rooted cattails around the 59th Street Pond. Since muskrat-hunting means actually getting into the pond, hip-waders are a must. And if a radio and some food are to be brought along, a handgun is a must, because it allows the other hand to remain free for changing stations and snacking. The Colt .45 automatic Government model is not a bad choice for such down-and-dirty duty. It's light and versatile, and one round will stop a creature dead at 50 yards.

Raccoons Throughout most of the state, raccoon-hunting season is just beginning and runs through February. The creatures can be found in the Ramble, near Delacorte Theater and around Heckscher Fields, Loeb Boathouse and the Bird Sanctuary, but given their low numbers and nocturnal habits, they're hardly an easy find. Some might call it overkill, but a Remington 700 BDL chambered in .30-06 will finish off any raccoon.



FISH

True sport fishermen already know that the part of the Lake below 72nd Street is virtually an angler's paradise. Brown bullheads and black bullheads are there for the baiting. Carp, catfish, largemouth bass (season ends November 30), trout (season ended September 30), yellow perch and even American eels can all be reeled in from the shores of the Reservoir. The commonest swimmer in Central Park is the hardy pumpkinseed sunfish, which is the only fish to have survived in all seven of the park's water bodies—from the Harlem Meer, at the northeast end of the park, to the 59th Street Pond, at the south tip.

Reservoir fishing, however, can be ticklish. The abundance of joggers at all hours means that most angling should be done late at night. Here a flashlight can be helpful, both to find your way through the brush and to attract fish once a comfortable spot is found. Given the urban exigencies—no bait shops, for instance—artificial lures are probably the best bet for Central Park angling. With a seine or trap or even a small hand net, however, bait can be had for the taking: guppies and goldfish occur in quantity throughout Central Park. A challenging alternative to conventional angling is a spear or longbow—which, given the time of day, might well prove more useful than a rod and spinning reel on the trip home through the park. ☺

THE
BEGINNING
OF THE
END

JR.
RENO
STU.

NO VU

by Stephen Fenichell

FOR HOMELESS NEW YORKERS determined to secure adequate housing at a reasonable cost, the search for fresh habitat can take on all the attributes of a magnificent obsession. As in any doomed romantic quest, the passionate pursuit of a domestic ideal demands a transformed reality. "Be all that you can be," says the Army sagely; such wisdom can be applied—roughly—to the Manhattan rental market as easily as to the next war. Right here, right now, great housing opportunities are to be had for the asking. A little positive thinking can go a long way—that's what built this town in the first place. What follows is a silver-lined sampling of the most reasonably priced rental apartments advertised in one week's *Village Voice*.

Hard by those alluringly discreditable docks downtown, abutting the formerly fashionable West Village, one of a few remaining shoe-box situations has been delicately layered into a High Fifties Modern white glazed-brick Brutalist box, occupying its own cement-lined block on a gorgeous industrial boulevard now awaiting renovation.

This authentic early-Sheraton-style (the hotel chain, not the eighteenth-century furniture designer) studio reveals unflinching attention to true *Honeymooners* detail throughout. Features include double-hung Thermopane windows, standard-size sliding-door closets, wood grain hollow-core floors and the previous tenant's custom-conceived unfinished bookshelves. From the Touch of Terrazzo lobby to the Formica-paneled, fully automatic, passenger-inspected elevator (replete with matte-finish aluminum railings

offset by high-impact Bakelite buttons), the art moderne theme is quietly echoed by hallway accents: worn nylon runners in iridescent blue, jazzily lit by fluorescent light, lead to a very personal, resoundingly Miesian space, affording periscope views of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge approach ramp, and of spontaneous street liaison activity, discreetly sanctioned by a vestigial streetlight. *Corner of Christopher and Washington Streets, \$900.*

Farther east, in fiercely fashionable Alphabet City, a painstakingly preserved fifth-floor tenement walk-up lies vacant. This spectacular pint-size museum of immigrant history poignantly evokes the prepunk period. Like a smart Parisian pied-à-terre, the apartment faces a cutting-edge fashion frontier. Free 24-hour perimeter protection may be obtained from doormen at various spiky-hair nightclubs nearby.

Classic Hester Street details include claw-footed step-in half bath adjacent to built-in kitchen sink; intaglio Pompeian fresco effect over doorway; blemished brick wall dominating view out main window, where broken flowerpots and fire escapes complete a vivid Hopperesque laundryscape. *East 7th Street between Avenues B and C, \$875.*

Near Odyssey House, off Indian Restaurant Row, a refreshingly anonymous putty-pink studio has been enhanced by countless custom additions: pressed-particleboard Mediterranean-style kitchen cabinetry, faux-patina brass-colored hardware and high-gloss latex wall finish. Pickproof Fichet locks secure the stainless-steel case-hardened door, and a single sash window fronting on a functioning air shaft invites available light.

The bathroom here is conveniently located off the kitchen, the kitchen off the living/bedroom, the apartment off a corridor, the building off First. Space includes ten contiguous feet of unobstructed floor, reachable by five flights up the vertical atrium stairwell, and generous visitor parking at exterior curb, regulations permitting. *East 6th Street between First and Second Avenues, \$775.*

In swinging Chelsea, an austere studio offers proximity to a picturesque Precinct House featured in more than one made-for-TV movie. This residence commands a sweeping panoramic view of subsidized housing across the way, with occasional glimpses of aging denizens in old-fashioned undershirts, cooled by oscillating three-speed fans.

Frequent shopping and dining excursions are a must, since the apartment's cabinet style forces a quick introduction to exterior escape

TOPICA



routes immediately upon entry. The pleasing shadow pattern on the interior wall invites the addition of a ceiling fan and venetian blinds for full *film noir* effect. The room's thoughtful layout affords an intimate view of the unique cuisine-preparation/entertainment center, occupying one complete wall.

Additional features include a smooth-plaster ceiling, flow-through cross ventilation, wall-to-wall floor and four walls. Ceiling light fixture with nickel plating is included. *West 20th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, \$830.*

On the Upper West Side, Anglo-named towers proffer a graceful introduction to a wealth of bold, Old World housing options located farther uptown. Away from the hubbub and frippery of the roaring Seventies and Eighties, distinguished, gutted prefab rehabs are available. Around the neighborhood, charming French-style shutters in decal form seal off windows of future conversions. For adventurous pioneers hankering to live on the edge, free-market investment opportunities abound directly at the doorstep. Enjoy dining by romantic firelight in the warmth of burning rubbish barrels. Concierge windshield-washing service is available for token consideration, and licensed livery cabs provide access to midtown. *On 109th Street between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West, \$800 to \$1,100.* ☺

CRITICAL INQUIRERS RUN AMOK

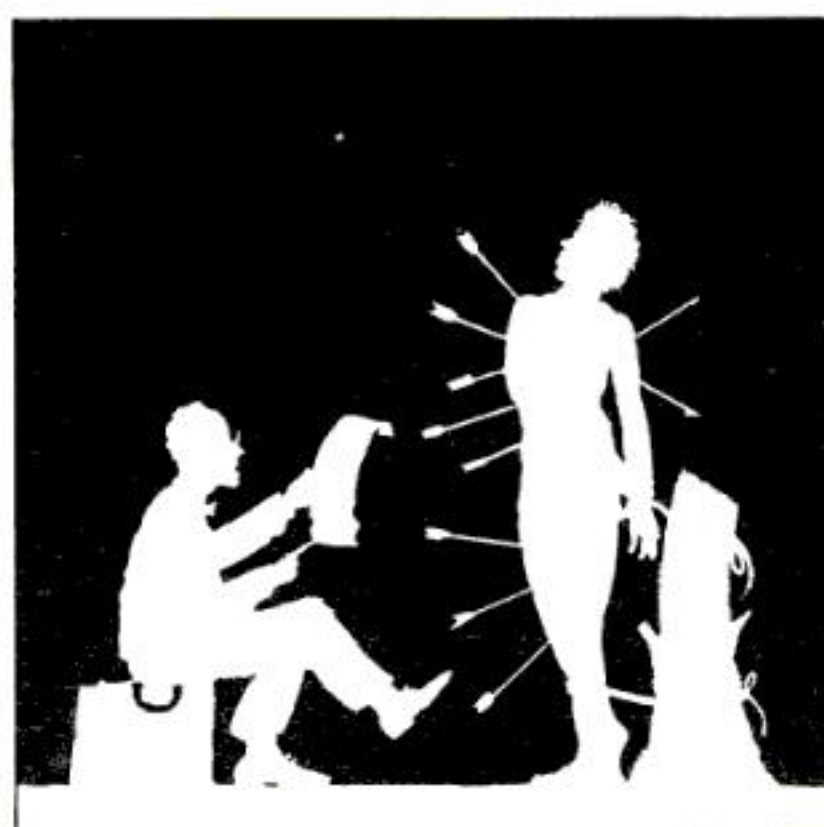
by Michèle Bennett

QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS, THAT IS the incomprehensible.

From one of *The Village Voice's* art critics, Kim Levin, on James Rosenquist's work: "Questions could be raised: how American (or European) is it? How loaded (or emptied) are the artifacts he chooses to paint? And what—unmentionable subject—is the relationship to (before and after, influence on and influence of) Photo-Realism in Rosenquist's work (or, for that matter, in Jack Goldstein's or Jeff Koons's)?"

Are you up to the question, let alone the answer? That's another question, relying on your reaction to, before and after, influence on and influence of, the critic himself, or the critic in question, or, for that

REVIEWER



matter, how loaded (or emptied) are the words the critic chooses to use, I think. Try, instead, to answer the following questions—answers in no fewer than 2,000 concise words, please—from the headlines in a single Arts and Leisure section of *The New York Times*:

"What Price Fame?" "Can Jazz Survive 'Classical' Treatment?" "Are Today's Artists Prophets?" "What Effect Is TV Having on the Evolution of English?"

Will *The New York Times* stop ruining our Sundays with dull symposia? Will Anatole Broyard ever find true happiness and the secret to life? "I'd like to ask the family-father-mother novelists," he asks the family-father-mother novelists in the *Times* Book Review's About Books column, "whether they really believe that people have that much personality—or is it only poetic license? Is it a virtue or a flaw? Shouldn't there be something like a golden mean? Is it democratic to have more than the ordinary share of personality? Elaborating his nausea, Sartre talked about the obscenity of flesh when it is not desired—but what about the obscenity of unwanted personality? People in Asia and Africa are starving for personality—we should be ashamed to have it all."

To which all the "family-father-mother novelists" of the nation rose up and cried, *What is this man talking about?* And the indomitable Broyard explained: "Personality is most appealing when it is a critical instrument in novels, rather than an anthology of contingency. . . ."

Read any good anthologies of contingency lately? The *Times's* sporting egghead, Christopher (Me and DiMaggio) Lehmann-Haupt, has been reading *Bred Any Good Rooks Lately?*, an anthology of shaggy-dog tales and puns. Writing in his lighthearted mode in Critic's Notebook, he regrets, however, that the volume has overlooked one particularly sidesplitting tale. Brace yourself.

"And missing is the story of the school for

the training of executioners, with the post-graduate course dealing with especially challenging situations. In the final class of the final year, the professor teaches the class how to hang a criminal octopus, using for his demonstration a classroom pet named Oozie. Being a frustrated vaudeville performer, the professor likes to introduce his final class by dancing into the lecture hall dressed in a candy-striped jacket, a boater and cane and singing, 'If you noose Oozie, like I noose Oozie!'"

Wasn't that fun? But let tribute be paid to the cultural czars of the *Times* where tribute is overdue. For confidential critical judgment, I know none better than the anonymous film critic (or critics) in the slave galley of the *Times's* TV listings. There is the admirably brief "Skip it," "All they say," "So-so," "You decide," "Keep dialing." There is the more detailed "For Bronson fans only." There is the uncommitted descriptive: "Pearl pirates haunt the South Seas" (*Wallaby Jim of the Islands*, 1938). But what is the difference between "New to us" and "Not reviewed by us"? The latter implies a solemn *Times* pronouncement: not worth reviewing by us. We prefer the breezier "New to us." Or, as the hilarious punster Christopher Lehmann-Haupt would put it: "If you new movie, like I new movie."

Just as breezy, but more breathtaking, was publisher Franco Maria Ricci's capsule historical review in *Vanity Fair*: "Hiroshima was a show much better than any performance by an artist. It's terrible because people died, but it was a show, no?"

We regret to note that the man obsessed, David Edelstein of the *Voice*, still is. Here is the master enraptured by David Cronenberg's *The Fly*: "Welcome to his nightmares, where impulses become flesh... where, with the help of science, the body can manufacture sex-crazed parasites (*They Came From Within*), [or] a bloodthirsty phallus from the armpit (*Rabid*). Here he is on Nadine Trintignant's *Next Summer*, which he describes as "the stuff of life itself." Tell us, Edelstein! "*Quelle tapisserie!*... There is sex, aging, birth, creation, infidelity, and this madness called life—wonderful but sad, too, and full of pain, but *quel* pain, and worth every second, because love and hate and need and loss are indeed the wellspring of life (and death and sex...). And through it all there is family, and *quelle famille*, the kind that pulls you back to shore when off you've drifted, far, far away, in despair, in loneliness, in the jaws of death."

Blue Velvet, the instant-cult movie by "American visionary" David Lynch, inspired the critics to indulge in speculative amateur medical diagnoses. Everyone played doctor:

"A man watering his lawn has a stroke" (Rex Reed). "A homeowner... has just had an apparent seizure" (Janet Maslin). "His father has just had a bizarrely beautiful attack of some kind on his lawn" (Stephen Saban). "A middle-aged man watering the lawn suffers a stroke" (David Denby). "Watering his lawn, Jeffrey's father is stung by a bee and collapses" (J. Hoberman). "Mr. Beaumont, of Beaumont's hardware store, is watering his lawn and has a seizure of some sort—probably a cerebral hemorrhage" (Pauline Kael).

As a working New York woman, I gave a particular welcome to the premiere issue of *New York Woman* and its bracing opening theme, "Our Marvelous Maddening Lives!" In this month of burning questions, Betsy Carter, the editor of *New York Woman*, posed another: "If you could name one adjective that best describes the New York woman, what would that be?"

She is pleased to report that the women she asked "over scrambled eggs and croissants"—"bankers, socialites, celebrities, homemakers, advertising executives, artists, etc."—were "downright macho in their answers." The New York woman is "gutsy," "brave," "tough" and "courageous." Of course we are. Good for *New York Woman*! In my downright macho way, however, I would be failing in my duty if I didn't regret the choice of male pundits who defined for us what they think a New York woman is. The witless Gay Talese is not to be trusted on these matters: "[The New York woman] is concerned more with impressing men in the office than with impressing men in bed." Speak for yourself, Gay, but not for us. So, too, Mayor Koch ("The New York woman is every woman") and actor/awards-show host Tony Randall ("The New York woman? She is brilliant, amusing, sympathetic, tireless—and smells good").

If it hadn't been for the wit of that mannered hunk Tom Wolfe, I might have despaired. "The New York woman," he reported, "is a girl from Columbia, South Carolina, who never had a mouthful of corn bread until she had corn bread combined with cayenne pepper and boiled peanuts au Columbia in a restaurant called Myrtle Beach on Columbus Avenue."

Speaking of food, two Manhattan restaurants, Mortimer's and Harry Cipriani, are old and new events, or pseudoevents. They are the Cybill Shepherd and Bruce Willis of restaurants. They are everywhere. So *Avenue* magazine outsmarted itself by reviewing both restaurants in one article, "Star Wars: Harry's Takes On Mortimer's." "If Harry's is life in the fast lane," writes Priscilla Lundin, "Mortimer's is on cruise control." But what is the

point of the piece? It isn't to instruct us on the quality of their food and service. Nor is it criticism. It is to break the news that "the brightest stars in Mortimer's constellation" have been seen "squeezing their knees beneath Harry's almost-child-sized tables." Who are these fickle stars with squeezed knees? Nancy Kissinger, Lyn Revson, Mercedes Kellogg, Jerry Zipkin, Claus von Bulow and other intellectuals.

The quality of the food in both these trendy restaurants (blah to expensive blah), or of the service (rude) or comfort (forget it), is irrelevant. It is the "constellation of stars" that is paramount. So in *GQ*, "the coveted tables overlooking the bar in the front [of the Relais Plaza in Paris] are occupied by their regular patrons—Pierre Bergé of Yves Saint Laurent, Frédéric Castet of Christian Dior, the general manager of Emanuel Ungaro, the wife of a prominent French artist." Who is the wife? Who is the artist? No matter. The restaurant is "abuzz." Why? Because "it's one o'clock, the fashionable hour for lunch."

Bet you didn't know you've been eating for years at "the fashionable hour for lunch." But not at the Relais Plaza in Paris. Or at Le Cirque in Manhattan, we presume. Woody Allen, the recluse, goes to Le Cirque. We know this because Bryan Miller, the *Times*'s restaurant reviewer, responsibly tells us. "Preferred tables—those with the best views of the comings and goings," he writes, "are unofficially reserved for the legion of regulars." These undoubtedly include such squeezed knees as Nancy Kissinger, Jerry Zipkin, Claus von Bulow and the wife of a prominent French artist. "However, the bleacher seats in this timelessly elegant room," Miller continues, "are few and not entirely isolated from the playing field. As for the overly neighborly tables, Mr. Maccioni contends that whenever he tries to create breathing space, some customers complain. Would you rather sit six inches or six feet from Woody Allen?"

This is another crucial question of the age. And my answer is, it depends. It depends on whether you prefer to go to the Carnegie Deli and sit *two* inches away from Woody Allen. It depends, amid the "overly neighborly tables" of Le Cirque, on whether Jerry Zipkin is seated next to Woody Allen and whether Woody Allen has therefore left for Harry Cipriani. It depends on whether Woody Allen is eating alone or with Mia Farrow and their 306 children. If he is there *en famille*, I'll settle for the bleacher seats. If not, I'll give eating six inches away from the great man a whirl. Why not? If it is good enough for Woody Allen, Mr. Miller is saying, it is good enough for us. ☺

SOME OF THE NICER THINGS ABOUT COSBY by David Handelman

IT IS HARD TO DECIDE WHICH GRINNING comeback actor America adores more—Ronald Reagan or Bill Cosby. When *The Cosby Show* first appeared, at the trailing edge of TV's jiggle und dreck era, it provoked hysterical approval from viewers, critics and TV executives alike. No matter that the show's plots were warmed-over, upscaled *Leave It to Beaver*, or that under the genteel, erudite-but-folksy persona of Heathcliff Huxtable lay Bill Cosby's smirky mean-spiritedness, a stone-cold opportunism crouching behind a smile.

Cosby seldom gives interviews. Maybe he is shrewd enough to realize that when there is no script, no winsome reasonableness shows through. Maybe he wants to hide his off-the-cuff self, which either rambles semicoherently, unleashes a violent spitefulness or, most telling, bares a single-minded desire for money, more money.

Recently, though, *Today* coaxed Cosby into appearing via satellite for a joint interview with Jackie Gleason. Bryant Gumbel asked Gleason why there had been no children on *The Honeymooners*. "It would have hindered us," said Gleason. "We always would have had to write the children into the scene. And it's not easy to work with kids. They can walk away with a scene while you're looking the other way."

Cosby smiled knowingly and said, "I also think Jackie's not saying something. They only had that one room...." He began to giggle, almost choking on his words. "That would have cost Jackie another \$2,500 to build another room, and another \$50 for the cradle. And he knows how much he was gonna make!"

Then Gumbel asked Cosby about his TV plans. "Bill, Jackie called an early halt to *The Honeymooners* because he was convinced he couldn't keep the quality at the level he liked. How will you know when it's time?"

Instead of the standard show-biz reply ("As long as the scripts are good and my heart is in it..."), Cosby blurted, "Uh—in five years."

"You've set a hard time limit?" Gumbel asked, sounding surprised.

"That's my hard time level. If you see me doing a sixth year, they pulled something up to the house in a truck that my wife said, 'You'll even do this one as a chauffeur.'"

His tongue seems to wag on its own ("pulled something up to the house in a truck"?), but Cosby did not pick the five-year figure out of the air, nor for any aesthetic or superstitious reason. In TV, five is the magic number, since a show has usually needed five years' worth of episodes to sell the reruns into "strip" syndication (five episodes a week) to local TV stations. With the recent ratings wars and hair-trigger cancellations, the number of available comedy shows is down and prices are up. (*Webster*, a terrible sitcom about a black gnome adopted by dull whites, sold for \$1.1 million per episode.) What is more, *Cosby* has proved to seduce viewers into watching what-



ever airs afterward, making it irresistible to local stations. Viacom figures that when it puts *Cosby* on the block in 1989, the price may be \$3 million per episode. And because he developed his show with a small company and owns an extraordinary 51 percent share in its profits, Cosby personally stands to earn more than \$100 million after the show's fifth season.

Cash has enthralled Cosby from the start. He once planned a movie called *Sitting Pretty*, which concerned a man who, at 55, hasn't saved a penny. He said the man was "what I see my father as being." In 1962 young Cosby was living in the Village, doing stand-up comedy. Given a raise to \$400 a week, he asked for his first week's pay in \$5 bills. He brought the bills home, tossed them in the air and watched them flutter to the ground.

By 1969 he was telling Francis Ford Coppola that a half-million-dollar income was "not very heavy money, man," and that the "way to beat Sam is not to have any cash. Put the money into something" (*Life* magazine). Ever since, he's been cannily—and secretively—acquisitive.

Sustaining a regular-guy persona is difficult for someone with such a serious Sotheby's

habit. Earlier this year, he tried to keep his name off *Art & Antiques* magazine's list of the top 100 American art collectors. His agent told the magazine, "It doesn't suit his image."

But obsessions will out. When he guest-hosted *The Tonight Show* in September, the first words out of his mouth to the Pointer Sisters were: "Now, you are making plenty of money." An inordinate number of *Cosby* episodes revolve around money. One episode last year had Cliff Huxtable teach his son a lesson by renting him his own room; the other family members role-played as landlords and agents, and the six-year-old was a crotchety banker. On another episode, the Huxtables attended an art auction; word leaked that the show's correctness consultant, Harvard professor Alvin F. Poussaint, had insisted on changing the script, lowering the price of a painting the family buys from \$80,000 to \$11,000. Apparently *Cosby* has grown oblivious to middle-class financial realities: it's hard to swallow a plot about Cliff Huxtable refusing to buy his daughter a \$30 doll while he's wearing a Koos van den Akker sweater worth \$1,000.

Today conservative estimates put *Cosby*'s annual multimedia income at \$10 million. Yet instead of quitting the endorsements that tidied him over during the down years, he has stepped them up; the umpteenth, a pitch for felon E. F. Hutton, strains the limit of his just-folks credibility. Without a trace of his usual giddy cheer—even betraying a little menace—he says, "Investments are one thing I take seriously; after all, it's my money."

Why such relentlessness? He already has a 265-acre farm in Greenfield, Massachusetts, outfitted with Tiffany silver and Queen Anne furniture; a Colonial house in Cheltenham, Pennsylvania; a townhouse in Manhattan; a house in Pacific Palisades; a hotel suite in Vegas; 15 cars, including a Ferrari, a Porsche, a Rolls-Royce and an Aston-Martin; and a private jet. He co-owns a Coca-Cola bottling company and a TV station, and he is rumored to have a small warehouse full of clothes in California.

Clearly the man is desperate for respect. He seems to bear a whopping grudge for all the lean years. Though he now shuns Emmy nominations because he doesn't "dig" awards, he pursues honorary college degrees voraciously. Cosby dropped out of high school, got his diploma through a correspondence course, went to Temple on an athletic scholarship but dropped out before completing his degree in phys. ed. Nevertheless, he has said that parents should make sure their kids go to school "even if it means hitting somebody upside the head with a baseball bat." (Let's see that on

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The Cosby Show.) Last spring he picked up three honorary degrees but refused to speak at Stanford because the invitation didn't include a free doctorate. He did finagle a nominally real doctorate from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in 1977 for a dissertation called "An Integration of the Visual Media via *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids* into the Elementary School Curriculum as a Teaching Aid and Vehicle to Achieve Increased Learning." (In other words, "Why My Show Is Good for Kids.") In *The Cosby Show*'s titles, he gives himself no fewer than five credits; the one for "creative consultant" has an E.D.D. appended.

Cosby's professed commitment to education is a long-standing conceit. In the sixties he repeatedly swore to reporters that he'd retire in 1971 to teach in the ghetto; instead, when his career floundered in the seventies, he chose to hang out with Hef and the bunnies in the Playboy Mansion. These days his social conscience still seems a bit short on follow-through. In September he turned down an invitation to attend Desmond Tutu's installation as the archbishop of Cape Town because it would "interfere with the taping schedule" of *The Cosby Show*; two weeks later, he was off to L.A. to sub for Johnny on *The Tonight Show*.

All the acclaim and income don't seem to have mellowed the Bill Cosby who, at a Playboy Mansion party in 1976, punched Tommy Smothers to the floor. Last summer, *Life* published an on-set picture of a grim-faced Cosby putting a headlock on an "out of hand" crew member (see photo). Producer Caryn Snider says of the incident, "It was just nothing."

Three of the show's original four writers left after the first seven episodes. Cosby has been seen bullying a costumer into letting him wear what he already had on, and greeting a guest star, the model Iman, with the pronouncement that she'd have to have her breasts padded. (They already were.)

After *USA Today* was lukewarm about his Radio City Music Hall performance last year, the reviewer, Richard Story, got a package from Cosby. Enclosed were other, positive reviews, a blind man's begging cup and a crumpled note dictated by Cosby, reading, "Where were you when the lights went on?" It turns out that Cosby's public relations firm stocks the cups to send to journalists who cross him.

And America's beloved Dad, author of *Fatherhood*, gave all of his real children names beginning with E, he says, because "it's a way of reminding them each day throughout their lives that E stands for excellent." Charming. If that isn't burden enough, consider that one daughter is named Ensa. The name is a word Cosby made up. It means, he says, "Smile and trust nobody." ☺

HOW TO BLURB

by Howard Kaplan

REVIEWERS ONCE RODE TO GLORY on facile phrases like "a cause for celebration," "one of the best of this or any other season" and "once you pick it up you can't put it down." Today they do it with "lean," "spare," "deft" and "magical" and with qualified praise like "a small masterpiece" (see *Mrs. Bridge*, *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*). But there are other common tricks—tricks that can be mastered by almost any budding critic.

The first might be called the Citation for Bravery, which posits writer-as-adventurer:

Miss [Ellen] Gilchrist once again demonstrates...her willingness to take risks.—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW on *Victory Over Japan*

Pitch Dark is [Renata] Adler's greatest risk yet.—NEW YORK magazine

Savagely hilarious. [Martin Amis's Money] takes great risks, it boils with energy.—Jonathan Yardley

Like a true work of art, [Italo Calvino's The Castle of Crossed Destinies] takes great risks... and despite its risks, wins hands down.—John Gardner

What I particularly admire about [Philip] Levine's work is its emotional riskiness.—Edward Hirsch, THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW



Follow the commendations with very earnest expressions of thanks:

How lucky we are to have him as our historian.—Maxine Kumin on James McConkey

We are fortunate to have her in our country.—Donald Barthelme on Grace Paley

One must be grateful to [Hubert] Selby and to Grove Press for believing in his fatal vision and strong, original talent.—NEWSWEEK

To have Breece D'J Pancake's fictional world before us can only be cause for gratitude.—Robert Wilson, THE WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD

How strange and wonderful to be feeling grateful for the privilege of reading a novel.—Helen Dudar on D. M. Thomas's *The Flute Player*

Certain individual words work better as a team:

Wise, sad, and witty.—THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW on Günter Grass's *Headbirths*, or *The Germans Are Dying Out*

Wise, witty, wonderful.—Barbara Bannon on Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It*, and *Other Stories*

Witty, wise, and altogether magical.—THE VILLAGE VOICE on Donald Barthelme's *Sixty Stories*

A witty... and wise novel.—THE NATION on Mary McCarthy's *The Group*

Richly witty, wonderfully wise.—Joseph Alsop on Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Against Hope*

A novel dwells on the quotidian? Celebrate the author's "magic" in ways like the following:

Delicate stories that make the ordinary...fascinating.—THE SUNDAY EXPRESS on William Trevor's *Lovers of Their Time and Other Stories*

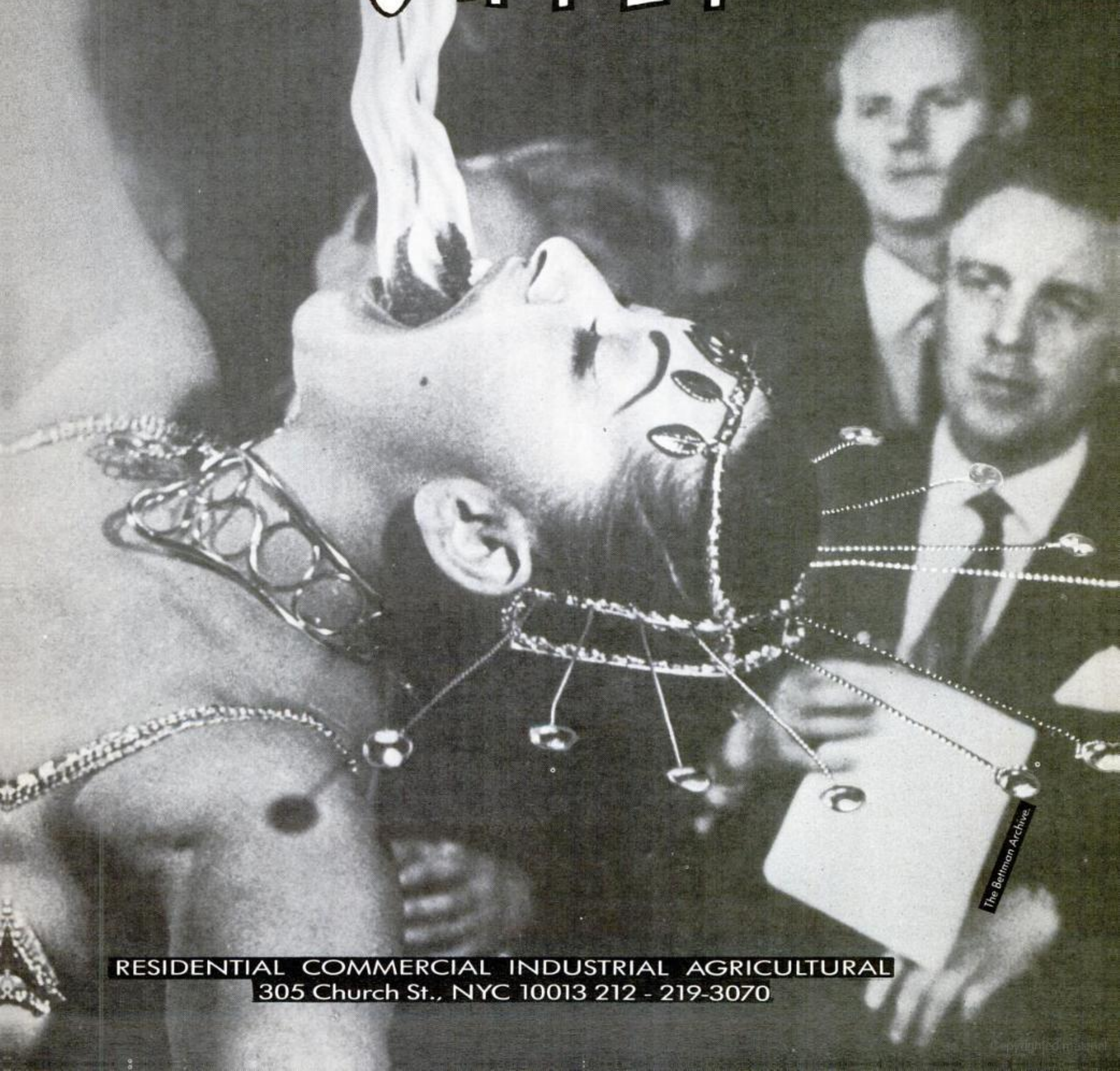
A rich fusion of the ordinary...made brilliant.—THE LOS ANGELES TIMES on *Dancing Girls and Other Stories*, by Margaret Atwood

Glimpses of ordinary people made extraordinary by her perception.—J. N. Baker, NEWSWEEK, on Alice Adams's *Beautiful Girl*

Makes the familiar seem strange and the strange seem familiar.—TEXAS MONTHLY on Frederick Barthelme's *Moon Deluxe*

Extravagant views of the familiar.—THE PITTSBURGH PRESS on *Acquainted With the Night and Other Stories*, by Lynne Sharon Schwartz

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Speak not of a writer's style but of something more contemporary:

DeLillo has his own voice.—Anthony Burgess
Vargas Llosa speaks in his own voice.—Eugenia Thornton

Bobbie Ann Mason has a voice like no one else's.—Rosellen Brown

[Robert] Stone has a contemporary voice all his own.—*NEWSDAY*

There is no voice like his alive today.—May Sarton on James McConkey

"Kafkaesque" and "Rabelaisian" are always good, but postmodern erudition requires nonliterary allusions as well:

The narrative is like a Marx Brothers comedy.—*THE VILLAGE VOICE* on *Three Trapped Tigers*, by G. Cabrera Infante

A hectic gaudy saga with the verve of a Marx Brothers movie.—*THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW* on John Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire*

An ironic, sentimental journey through a city plan drawn up by the Marx Brothers.—Carlos Fuentes on Julio Cortázar's *62: A Model Kit*

The Aspern Papers somehow performed by the Brothers Marx.—*TIME* on Robert Plunket's *My Search for Warren Harding*

The Bushwhacked Piano makes me think of all four Marx Brothers mounted on an attenuated tandem bicycle.—William Hjortsberg on Thomas McGuane

Writers have voices; reviewers make loud, inarticulate sounds:

I found myself smiling with pleasure, sometimes laughing aloud.—Alice Adams on Laurie Colwin's *The Lone Pilgrim*

It made me laugh out loud about two dozen times, at least.—Merle Miller on *How to Save Your Own Life*, by Erica Jong

I found myself laughing out loud again and again as I read this ribald book.—*CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR* on John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces*

We surrender to it and end up laughing out loud.—*NEWSDAY* on Infante's *Inferno*, by G. Cabrera Infante

I read Pnin on a train and laughed loudly all through the journey.—John Cheever on Vladimir Nabokov

Finally, there is one critic who perhaps best understands the multiple requirements of a literary endorsement:

Grace Paley makes me weep and laugh—and admire. She is that rare kind of writer, a natural, with a voice like no one else's: funny, sad, lean, modest, energetic, acute.—Susan Sontag on *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute.* 3

WILL TRUMP GET SPANKED?

by M. Connor

THANKSGIVING APPROACHES. Where should gratitude be affixed? As far as we're concerned, any setback encountered by casino operator Donald Trump is providential, always cause for merrymaking. And in a little-known court case, the litigious Trump, we hope, may be punished for filing a federal lawsuit in bad faith.

Sixteen years ago Congress enacted the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organization Act (RICO), a law that invented a new federal crime called racketeering. The intent of RICO was to make it easier to prosecute mobsters, which it has done. But the RICO act also had a provision that permitted the bringing of civil RICO suits by private parties.

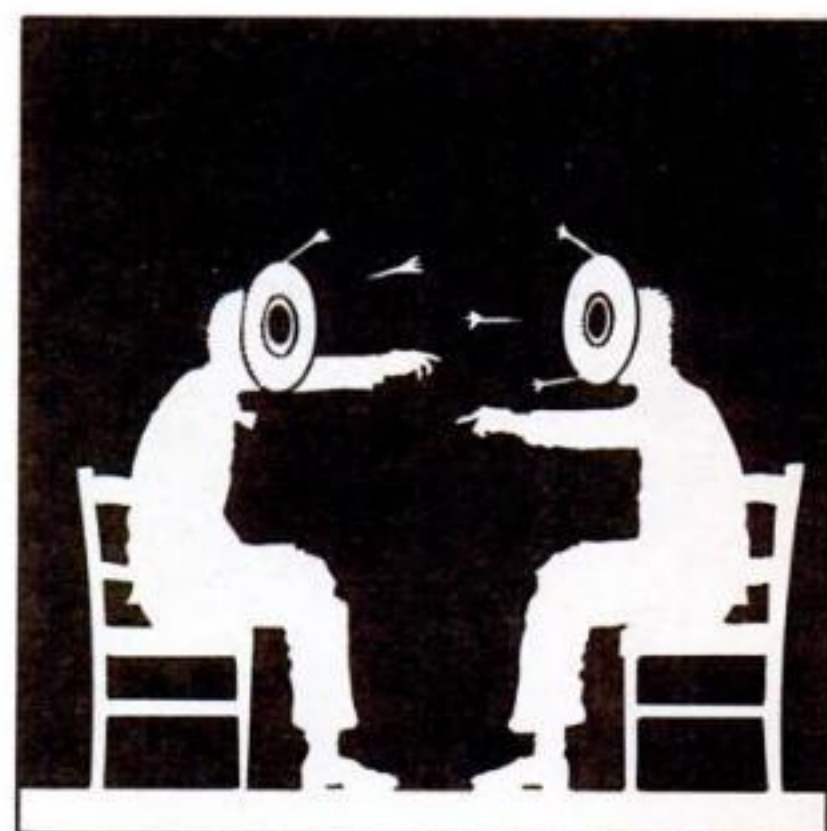
Just before Christmas last year, Trump had his lawyer, Richard Golub (Mr. Marisa Berenson), file a civil RICO suit against the perfectly respectable law firm of Fischbein, Olivieri, Rozenholz and (Herman) Badillo—the firm that had, in a highly publicized case, successfully represented the tenants of an apartment building Trump owns at 100 Central Park South. "I don't like being pushed around," Trump said at the time, "and now they're beginning to learn it."

Trump essentially argued that the opposing lawyers were racketeers because they opposed him—that their intention to "prevent, frustrate and inhibit" him from making larger profits by evicting the tenants constituted "extortion."

A New York federal court told Trump to get lost, dismissing his case. Last spring the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit affirmed that decision. Now pending in district court is a motion by Fischbein, Olivieri asking that a Trump company and its lawyers be sanctioned for violating Rule 11 of the federal rules of civil procedure. Rule 11 prohibits

lawyers from instituting, on behalf of their clients, civil suits that are filed "to harass or to cause unnecessary delay or needless increase in the cost of litigation." If Trump loses, the court could order him to pay the legal expenses incurred by Fischbein, Olivieri.

Happily, the tide now seems to be running against Trump. The U.S. Department of Justice has come out in favor of forbidding civil RICO suits like Trump's. And Congress seems about to do just that, by amending the law so that it permits civil suits only against convicted criminals. 3



YAKKING, TWO-HEADED CLONES ON TV

by Bill Zehme

GENE SISKEL AND ROGER EBERT, the founding fathers of TV's new brood of scuffling movie critics, have a secret handshake: clasp each other's wrist, they solicitously measure the other guy's pulse. This burlesque, performed at parties, knives open their regular repertoire of baldy-and-fatty jousts and reveals the tender pink of their relationship. Namely, they understand their worth to each other. Their cozy one-upsman act, created in a public-television petri dish nearly a decade ago, is wholly organic. They were, and are, rival Chicago newspapermen pounding the same beat, and, in Hechtian tradition, they relish stepping on each other along the way. That one of them (Siskel) is gangly



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IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION QUIZ!

T

he revelations and indictments have come fast and thick during the last nine months, with vaguely familiar name after vaguely familiar name piling up in a jumble. Friedman, Lindenauer, Lazar—it's gotten hard to remember who were the bribe-takers and who were the bribe-givers, who is merely accused and who has been convicted. Here is every citizen's chance to straighten out, once and for all, just who is alleged to have paid whom what and why. Just match each name with the corresponding misdeed—and then check your SPY Corruption Quotient!

IT'S EDUCATIONAL! IT'S FUN!



THE MEN

- A) Marvin H. Bergman, Queens lawyer
- B) Stanley M. Friedman, Bronx Democratic leader
- C) Marvin B. Kaplan, businessman
- D) Michael J. Lazar, former city transportation commissioner
- E) David Leff, New Jersey lawyer
- F) Geoffrey G. Lindenauer, former deputy director, Parking Violations Bureau
- G) Robert R. Richards, businessman
- H) Lester N. Shafran, former deputy transportation commissioner
- I) Jay L. Turoff, former chairman, Taxi and Limousine Commission
- J) Jerry Zarin, businessman

THEIR CRIMES AND ALLEGED CRIMES

- 1) Accused of paying \$60,000 in bribes to Geoffrey Lindenauer and Donald Manes, and of improperly obtaining a \$22.7 million city contract for Citisource Inc.
- 2) Guilty of conspiracy and mail fraud
- 3) Accused of paying a \$20,000 bribe to Geoffrey Lindenauer
- 4) Accused of paying \$45,000 in bribes to Geoffrey Lindenauer and Donald Manes
- 5) Accused of illegally favoring friends' taxi meter company
- 6) Guilty of racketeering and mail fraud
- 7) Accused of taking \$15,400 in bribes
- 8) Accused of paying \$30,000 in bribes to Geoffrey Lindenauer
- 9) Accused of agreeing to give \$1 million in stocks as bribes to Geoffrey Lindenauer and Donald Manes
- 10) Accused of paying \$20,000 in bribes to Geoffrey Lindenauer and of offering to bribe Lindenauer and Donald Manes

ANSWERS: A) 4 B) 1 C) 9 D) 10 E) 3 F) 6 G) 2 H) 7 I) 5 J) 8

and the other (Ebert) roly-poly ensures that the natural professional combat is all the more vivid. Siskel and Ebert make for crackling television, never mind that the boys appraise movies with their thumbs (jabbed up or down).

Ever since they invented two-headed film criticism and became monoliths of influence (Tom Shales in *Esquire*: "Siskel and Ebert wield cloutus maximus"), clones have proliferated. When Siskel and Ebert left PBS's *Sneak Previews* in 1982 to launch their own syndicated version, *At the Movies*, a nationwide search for replacements (nearly every major film critic reportedly sent a résumé) inexplicably reeled in a man named Neal Gabler and WCBS's Jeffrey Lyons—"yuppie wimps," said one astute loser. Gabler, an earnest egghead, has since returned to writing his book on Jews in the cinema and has been supplanted by Michael ("Golden Turkey Awards") Medved. Last summer Siskel and Ebert traded up once again, pulling out of *At the Movies* for their choicest deal yet, a syndicated show with Buena Vista, a Disney subsidiary. This time their seats were filled by Rex Reed and Showtime's resident smarmy guy, Bill Harris, both unsuccessful contenders for the earlier PBS jobs.

"We're the Johnny Appleseeds of film criticism," Ebert is fond of saying. Ebert's friend Rex Reed replies, "Every tree grows old and gets chopped down." Reed, oozing further in an ad for the revamped *At the Movies*, announced: "I'm not going to tap dance, stand on my head and do movie gossip." He did, however, burst into a verse of "I Get a Kick Out of You" on his third show. His partner, who sports a bushy Village People mustache, warbled "Blue Velvet" two weeks later.

From the start, a blustery combativeness distinguished Siskel and Ebert from quippy chowderheads like Joel Siegel, whose treacly reviews say nothing. The Rex and Bill Show, with its cartoon opening depicting them as pseudo-Smurfs, is gloppier still. Reed dismissing the Canadian import *My American Cousin*: "This film is like Margaret Trudeau—it should have stayed in Canada." On David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*: "The kind of movie that appeals to wackos who like to smell dirty socks." Harris on Dennis Hopper's performance in that film: "I give him the Pacino *Scarface* trophy for flagrant and full-time fixation on the 'f' word." On an assortment of "mad slasher" movies: "Films such as these are often criticized as antifeminist and demeaning to women. Well, maybe. The arguments will go on forever, but so, I hope, will the films."

Reed fancies his own style as "derogatory wit." Harris, who delivers his reviews in a

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cloying singsong and privately boasts of his high TV-Q (likability quotient), is half right in imagining their chemistry as "the man you love to love and the man you love to hate." He is visibly awed by Reed. "Boy! What a great writer!" he marvels. Already, Reed has reportedly stood up Harris on at least one taping day and has also made Harris give speeches on his behalf to press groups.

Reed doesn't seem interested in critical sparring with Harris. "We do tend to agree a lot," he says, then adds, incredibly, "I think that's true of good critics anywhere." On the other hand, he isn't afraid to stand alone: "I'm perfectly happy to be out there on a limb all by myself with a saw in my hand." The twerpy Harris would like to preserve nice-guy equanimity. "I have to learn to speak up, and Rex has to learn to defer," he whines. "If you listen to the soundtrack, I'm laughing all the time at what Rex says." The producers of *At the Movies* apparently feel the same: they've reportedly forced the breathy Harris to undertake a regimen of voice-deepening exercises, which include pinching together his buttocks whenever he speaks to the camera.

Reed, it might be remembered, was canned by the *Daily News* a few years ago for purportedly sending flunkies to conduct and occasionally write his celebrity interviews. The industry catchphrase was "the Man from Rex Reed." Ironically, both the *Daily News* and *At the Movies* are properties of the Tribune Company of Chicago, whose management has apparently decided to forgive, or forget. (Now the *New York Post* has pink-slipped Reed as well.) On the other hand, the *Chicago Tribune* this fall demoted Siskel as its primary movie critic, a veiled punishment for taking his act to Disney. Ebert remains golden boy of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, making his polemics with Siskel more genuinely antipathetic than ever.

The movietalk-show cloning has been taken to every imaginable extreme: all three have ersatz movie-balcony sets, and all three are produced in Chicago, although only Siskel and Ebert live there. Lyons and Reed fly in from La Guardia; Medved and Harris commute from L.A. "I can't make a dent in [Ebert's] seat," joked Harris. Ebert has proposed that the shows swap partners—"like in baseball"—and relocate to eliminate unnecessary air shuttling. Siskel likes the knockoffs as they are. He brags, "The essential difference is, we do film criticism; the others are shadow-boxing."

On the first installment of the brand-new *Siskel & Ebert & the Movies*, Siskel closed the program with a firm thud. "Until next week," he swaggered, "the balcony is closed." 3

CHEESE

THAT HURTS

by Ann Hodgman

"Inside looks like a petrified soap eraser. Uncuttable. Tastes like butterscotch and dung."

"Like one of Satan's caramels. Small...hard, wrinkled...not pleasant."

"Discolored: rust against greenish white. Intense acid smell. Couldn't bring ourselves to taste it."

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE accolades heaped on goat cheese at a taste test described in *The Cheese Book*. It's true that the three cheeses described are old French *roués*, not the virginal white *chèvre* that's popular here. But even *chèvre* has its problems.

Goat cheese is one of those foods that—no matter how good they taste—people are too proud of liking. (Hot, raw and possibly poisonous foods also fit into this category.) How smugly virtuous one feels actually enjoying something that tastes scary and corrupt, how scornful of one's parents for not liking it! How far we've progressed: from American cheese folded into little cubes to Muenster to Brie to *chèvre*—and, next year, to some soft, half-rotten mass impossible to imagine now. "I guess it's an acquired taste," I say complacently as the uninitiate cower before the tray on the coffee table.

I'm looking right now at one of the most popular new American *chèvres*: Coach Farms. (As anyone who reads the Living section knows, the folks at Coach bags have recently slid over into cheese.) I keep taking little pinches of it and smushing them around. As with most young *chèvres*, its texture is more like cheesecake than cheese—a sort of squashy unctuousness very much at odds with its chalky, shrill flavor. It's one of the mildest *chèvres*, and yet each bite is so acrid that it makes saliva taste sweet. (*Chèvre*'s strangest asset may be that it makes people grateful for saliva.) It's like eating spreadable aspirin.

Goats' milk tastes nothing like this cheese. I drank some recently. It was very white, and actually delicious—perhaps 6 percent more assertive than cows' milk, but nothing like the witch's milk I'd feared. Because of its smaller fat globules, goats' milk is also more easily di-

gested than cows', which makes it a good food for babies. What alchemizes such an innocent liquid into something so evil?

Sex, for one thing. A male goat's musk—which is the nice word for it—smells so strong that he can taint milk simply by inhabiting the same pen as a female. An opened carton of milk in the refrigerator picks up odors quickly, and that's when its most offensive neighbor is leftover potato salad; imagine what an udderful of milk at room temperature—or, rather, goat temperature—will do when it's in constant contact with a billy goat. And according to Ann Hopkins, who raises goats on Martha's Vineyard, it *will* be in constant contact if the two sexes are kept together.

Hopkins and many other goat-farmers are careful to keep the sexes separate, but even in milk that's been kept chaste there is said to be an enzyme very closely related to musk. Distilling the milk brings out that rankness again—the "tang" we notice in *chèvre*.

And even the sweetest goat cheese turns ugly quickly. The "Satan's caramels" were only three months old. A three-month-old Cheddar is still a waxy baby. A one-year-old Cheddar is a masterpiece; eating a one-year-old *chèvre* would probably blind you.

In the interest of research, I've kept that Coach Farms *chèvre* out on a counter, unwrapped, for two days. At first it was disappointingly slow to putrefy, so I put the cheese under a bowl. That did it. Whenever I lift the bowl edge a crack, gusts of ammonia fly into the room, and the cheese is now completely furred with mold.

To sex and age, add meddling. Coagulants used for *chèvre* include extracts of stinging nettle and thistle, and some *chèvres* are sprayed with a mold called *Penicillium candidum* to make them tangier. Shall I stop here?

Mastering the taste of *chèvre* is hardly a huge personal liberation, but that's how people treat it. It's especially silly because no one would go near *chèvre* if it didn't have such a



likable texture. Be honest, now. Would you really race for the cheese plate if chèvre came in crunchy little pellets? What if it were a liquid, or a hard candy, or some kind of egg?

No, the real charm of goat cheese is not its goatiness but the fact that it spreads like butter—or, as I said, cheesecake. High fat content is what's at work here, not tang. (Feta is tangy, too, but I don't notice a lot of you fishing it out of the brine tub.) The tang is what gives us the excuse to keep shoveling in a food this creamy: it doesn't really taste good, so we don't have to feel guilty about eating it. Chèvre may be the only food to provide gratification and punishment in the same bite. ☺

THE POOR WHITE

RICH

by Paul Rudnick

SALLIE BINGHAM WAS "ON HER way to the YMCA to swim one day" when she eyeballed a poor soul, "a woman getting out of a beat-up station wagon with her six-month-old twins." Sallie gaped, stricken, as this weary madonna tottered across the avenue, "presumably," she told *Ms.* magazine, "to go to the Spouse Abuse Center." Sallie, who is worth around \$76 million, decided she must "effect some change." So she set up the Kentucky Foundation for Women, "to support women in the arts."

Perhaps, thanks to Sallie, battered wives can now experience performance art. Sallie's benevolent face beamed from a recent *Ms.* cover. But the issue was not devoted to battered wives, those droopy dames, *très passé*. *Ms.* had unearthed a far more tormented minority: "women in powerful families," "wealthy widows"—rich white women.

Sallie bemoans the horror, the soul-shattering *tsuris*, of the madcap heiress. "We are captives," she writes, "as poor women are captives." Sallie is required to absorb arcane standards of noblesse: "The jewels must not be too big, nor the furs too obvious." She has learned not to kiss her beloved servants, as "such displays embarrassed them." Most

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wrenching, she discovers that the offices of her male lawyers have views, while their gal Fridays word-process in "windowless cubicles."

Blacks are too sixties, Hispanics too Charo, and the homeless... well, they had Cicely Tyson in a movie-of-the-week. Haven't we been blind to the truly deprived? Gloria Steinem asserts that Park Avenue matrons suffer bouts of low self-esteem on a par with those of "prostitutes and domestics." Whenever I see Betsy Bloomingdale brunching at Le Cirque with Nan Kempner, my heart cracks: I know how Jerry "Iceberg Slim" Zipkin treats his girls out on The Street. Welfare moms and debutantes, Gloria asserts, "travel across very different countries, but the psychic journey is the same." Of course, C. Z. Guest probably takes her psychic journey in a Bentley, but— isn't it just like the F train, kinda?

Ms. weeps on, claiming that the skills of wealthy women, such as "hostessing," are undervalued—to say nothing of their stunning knack for determining just the right shade of ash blond after 40. But Ms. is not alone in heralding a new minority, a lost tribe: *Esquire*, in June, gave us the American Man, for 354 pages. The introduction thundered the precedent-busting feat of "men writing about what it's like to be men," noting that while the postwar woman has been "well documented," "the man the postwar boy grew up to be has

remained partly in shadow." The magazine charges ahead, ever vivid, daring the topics of football, bars, hunting, cars and how to tie a bow tie. At times the freshness, the dizzying revelation of it all, made my jock itch.

Why, I haven't read anything about guys in I don't know how long. Norman Mailer, John Irving, Louis L'Amour—it's all panty hose and PMS, a real hen party. If it weren't for the *Times's* About Men column, I'd go mad; if you ask me, the media's just a vast lesbian conspiracy. To *Esquire*, the American Man is beleaguered, ignored and, one assumes, well heeled and pale; the *Esquire* TV spokesman pats a golden retriever dubbed Fletch. Maybe we need a fund for men in the arts, a Vargas grant for work on cherry-popping, beer blasts and the very special agony of the divorced dad.

Rich white ladies, American dudes—won't you help? Perhaps the neediest of all are the young philanthropists, such as Annie Hoffman, who was featured in a recent *Times* write-up on "unconventional giving." Annie "learned about social inequity firsthand... at a pottery-glazing class." "Like working the clay," she testifies, "giving away my money freed me from being bottled up inside and let the fizz out." Annie contributes to the Haymarket People's Fund, a foundation established by doughboy heir George Pillsbury. This group throws money at leftish causes, ad-

vocating "change, not charity." While the Haymarket is highly praiseworthy, its members, suffering "the lottery of birth," do get a tad carried away. David Pillsbury Becker avers, "I grew up isolated by birth because of the money and later because I was gay. I lived in a double closet as a member of two minorities.... Now I say, 'I'm gay and rich, and here I am.'"

It's bad enough holding the rich as heroes; proclaiming them victims is sublime. In all these strife-styles pieces, there is a nakedness, a confessional tone, a need to cry, *Yes, I'm well-to-do! There, I've said it and I'm glad!* Is the press so starved for pathos, so bored with actual suffering? Can we expect "Alexis Carrington—The Chinchilla Ghetto"? "Ronald Reagan—A Plea for the Elderly Rancher"?

Here is the central dilemma of our time: how should a rich person behave? Since soon everyone will be rich for 15 minutes, we must seek policy, modes of behavior, tips. Should we act proud of our eight figures, high-living and raucous with that Malcolm Forbes zest? Go for public-yet-discreet, like Brooke Astor? Try concerned and committed, à la Marlo and Phil? Lord, it's so easy to be poor; bag ladies achieve an effortless style, a rain hat and one bedroom slipper and they're out the door. Pity the rich, the Caucasian, the prepped out: they can't get by with a do-rag and a running sore.

ANSWERS TO THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD

This puzzle is less existential than October's, because it is constructed on a traditional 15×15 grid stolen from the *London Times*. (Grids are not copyrightable, as we learned when Washington, D.C., unsuccessfully sued the city of Nation's Capital, Oklahoma, for shamelessly copying its street plan. Everyone got lost on the way to the Supreme Court.) But bear in mind that the *London Times* does not even know what Froot Loops are. Probably.

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Too easy. But then, so are Froot Loops themselves.
4. *Knocked up* is sort of like "rang up" in England, I understand. The answer in 6 Down is *kayoad*, which is short for "knocked out." The internal resonances in this puzzle are enough to "make you wanta holler hi-di-ho,"* and if you don't recognize that as a quotation from Roger Miller's "Chug-A-Lug," you are secretly British.
9. A salt is a sailor, and Peter is a boy's name; could be a man, though not one who could get you 4 Across if his mashed potatoes were laced with this dangerous drug, about which both Ronald Reagan and Andrea Dworkin are strangely silent.
10. Originally the clue for this was "'It's great to be _____ and a Yankee'—Tommy Byrne, before Steinbrenner." (My theory on George Steinbrenner is that he gets off on abusing athletes, especially young ones. His father was an Olympic athlete, and a stern, judgmental authority figure. George was an undistinguished athlete and a judged son. So he takes it out on the Yankees.) Tommy Byrne was a Yankee pitcher who made this widely quoted statement. But to have heard of Tommy Byrne, you must either (1) be too old to belong to the target audience of every magazine except *Modern Maturity* or (2) have



a sense of history. So forget it. The Neil Young clue has the requisite *Big Chill* factor.

11. *Boo* is, of course, a discouraging word, though less so than Steinbrenner. To add E (as in $E = mc^2$) to a GI is to energize him, though not necessarily to turn him into a gyrene (see 21 Down).
12. *Dips* backward around L (for liberal) and end. In Boston (the Hub), Ted Williams was the Splendid Splinter.
14. *Odd* signals an anagram of the last two words.
16. Is a deed something that's done? "Deed it is, Miss Scablett."
19. A kook is an eccentric. "Everything's jake" means all is okay, except with regard to *The Two Jakes*.
20. Rococo reference to Oscar Wilde, the Harp branded a sodomite by the Marquis of Queensbury, who, ironically enough, did not fight fair.
22. Aunt Pittypat in *Gone With the Wind*.
23. The Ashcan school of art was—I think we can agree on this—non-Texan. The gratuitous allusion to the Texas School Depository is a tasteless red herring, which may have been what Oswald was. Never mind all that. An ash can is a depository.
27. This is one of those astonishing words—you could look it up—that makes you wonder whom the dictionary is trying to kid. *Otherwise* indicates an anagram of *I'm for*.
29. Titia is not anyone in particular, just the unwitting aggregate of some letters I had to extract from a mixed-up *legitimate* in order to turn it into toothpaste. But this puzzle means her no disrespect, except have you ever heard of a red-blooded American person with a name like that?

* Copyright 1964 Tree Publishing Co., Inc.

My favorite new minority slouched into *Esquire*, and *GQ* as well—the Perry Ellis guy, the male model who hates his job, where he's "treated like a piece of meat," "an empty suit," when he's really, the copy reveals, "your basic, simple, complicated, mixed-up, confused, confident, frightened, outgoing, shy, most times manic, sometimes depressive guy." He might wed the Pantene woman, whose ad begs, "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful," confessing that, pre-Pantene, she too had split ends like a major uggo. Yes, here are the downtrodden of tomorrow—the attractive. Don't mannequins have feelings, too? Don't they require affirmative action? ("Hire the heavenly"?). In a way, aren't they akin to Ethiopian toddlers—thin and lost? How about a telethon? A sit-down for 2,000 at the Pierre? A good smack? ☺

**BUT
I DON'T
WANT TO**

DIE

by Ellis Weiner

For example, a 40-year-old male who does not smoke would have paid \$26.53 for every \$1,000 of potential death benefit over the 25-year span of a universal-life policy sold by New England Life if he died in the last year of the policy. The policy would pay 9.75 percent on the savings portion. If he had bought a term policy sold by Bankers Life of New Jersey, he would have paid \$9.50 per \$1,000 of potential death gain until dying at the end of the policy's 25th year.

However, should the man continue to live and choose to cancel the policies after 25 years, it is a different story...

—Thomas C. Hayes, "Sorting Out Options in Life Insurance," in the September 14 *New York Times* Personal Finance supplement

One of the more hideous responsibilities of being a grown-up, I have discovered, is having

to read such phrases as *potential death gain* in contexts other than science fiction stories from the 1930s about ray guns. ("Johnson laughed in an evil manner. 'Save your breath, Professor Tomkins,' he sneered. 'If your theory is correct—and I have a hunch it is—the potential death gain of this weapon would be... incredible!'") Even granting that the phrase possesses a certain thrilling heartlessness, I still take exception to the coupling of the word *gain* or *benefit* with *death*.

Discussion of what my loved ones will or will not feel after I'm "gone" is suddenly all the rage at our house, now that I—husband, father, grown-up par excellence—have decided to wade, like an idiot tourist dressed in a bathing suit and zori, into the alligator-infested swamp of insurance.

Thinking it wise to start off with mere catastrophe, and save fatality for later, I looked into disability coverage. After all, if, God forbid, I were incapacitated, who would pay for the brightly colored, educationally sound Fisher-Price toys for my infant son to contemptuously throw on the floor? Who would pay for my wife's clothes, without which she would have nothing to point to when she opens her closet, gestures at the contents and says, "I don't have anything to wear"?

The answer to this last question is *she* damn well would, but still, I suppose it all comes down to this: what kind of monster would I be if I did not do everything I could to make the occasion of my near obliteration almost something to look forward to? Accordingly, I contacted several agents.

It turns out that insurance companies are extremely loath to write disability policies for—here's an amusing irony—writers. Is it because they think writers are more clumsy or accident-prone, more likely to wind up injured than, say, electricians? Perhaps.

But, of course, the real reason is that insurance executives and actuaries—colorless, dreary Gradgrinds to a man—are bitterly envious of the writer's creativity, his daring spontaneity, the unbridled fun of his terrific, fantastic life. The writer sips Campari with Mick Jagger and—oh, I don't know—Elizabeth Hardwick at Elaine's, while insurance guys have to live in Omaha or Hartford and think of ways to put Little Leagues and roller rinks out of business. And at times it rankles. "Go on, be creative," they seem to be saying in their corporate underwriting policies. "But don't come (literally) crawling to us when, in the grip of one of your drunken Dionysian inspirations, you drag the computer into the bathtub (along with Mick, Elizabeth and Christ knows who or what else) and end up severely, severely disabled."

Meanwhile, I await news from several sources as to whether I'm eligible. That I and my loved ones find ourselves ensnared in a tenacious little Catch-22 (salaried employees can buy disability, but they already have it in their benefits packages; freelancers, who lack benefits, are less eligible) goes without saying.

Buying life insurance is easier. It is a dicey matter, verifying the claim of a writer who says he is disabled. Some writers—John Irving comes to mind—boast perfect health yet write as though they have been disabled all their lives. But insurance companies have no trouble with the writer claiming to be dead.

And indeed, by the time he signs the forms and remits the first premium, he will be dead—broken spiritually by the struggle to understand whole, term, universal, universal-variable, current-assumption whole and so on while juggling parallel columns of side-funds, net cash surrender values, guaranteed maximum annual premiums, etc. This is grown-up living with a vengeance.

But don't listen to me—I may be making more of this than necessary. I've had enough trouble understanding the concept of whole milk, let alone whole life. Besides, not every grown-up needs life insurance. Single people; people who don't believe in gambling; people who *really* believe in gambling—these lucky ones are exempt.

Of course, someone will say that my difficulty with insurance stems from a reluctance to confront death. It is a subject I find both intensely profound—as, for example, when I think about mine—and enormously trite—as, e.g., when Woody Allen invokes his again and again. (Death for Allen has become equivalent to getting a flat tire on the Deegan Expressway. "What if it happens? How will I cope? It'll be *tehrrible!*")

I'm willing to confront the reality of my own anything, death included. But when the insurance industry bullies me with statistics, I want to hold up a hand and say, "Hey. Wait a minute. I'm a writer, and therefore *extremely sensitive*. I require that these things be done poetically." Years ago, at a performance in London of Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*, I had something of an epiphany. "It's not dying that worries me," George muses. "It's death." At that moment, for reasons not necessarily attributable to the text of the play, I realized that, one day, I was going to die. Did I, in that charged instant, gripped with the sure fact of my inevitable mortality, become, suddenly and irrevocably, a grown-up?

Not on your life. And no matter what I end up paying per \$1,000 of potential death benefit, I plan to continue to live, rather than dying in the last year of the policy. ☺

BE
DOWN
A
GROWN-UP

Party Poop

With everyone complaining about the meager restrooms at the Javits Center, Glenn Bernbaum has decided to rent Mortimer's out for trade events. When Wanamaker heiress Fernanda Niven launched her collection of familiar-looking chintzes (inset), Glenn let her turn his restaurant into a ladies' boudoir. Nancy Kissinger found somebody her own size to peck on—she and Jamie Niven (below right) pillow-talked in the shadow of a giant chintzy canopy bed. The next week, the Dallas Apparel Mart unhitched at Mortimer's to hand out its much-coveted Femme Awards. Donna Mills (caught off guard by our photographer, below left) got one and commented, without warning, "Fashion and television are two of the most important industries in America—both of them have such a tremendous impact on our lives."



DO GOOD: Manhattan borough president and compulsive hypnotist David Dinkins works his magic on Meryl Streep and Joanne Woodward at a reception for Project Vote.



TALL AND TAN AND YOUNG AND UBIQUITOUS: Obligatory photograph of fatgirl Dianne Brill, chatting here with Reinaldo Herrera, a rich South American whom *Vanity Fair* calls its special projects editor, at Anita Sarko's Palladium pajama party.



MARIO CUOMO did isometrics at Ted Turner's Better World Society dinner (above), and Jimmy Carter stood, wooden as ever, next to Tatiana (above right), a pop singer who promotes chastity on Brazilian radio. At the Italo-American Associations dinner, Matilda Cuomo posed with Gina Lollobrigida (below left) and demonstrated that there is a fashionable alternative to cleavage.



PANORAMA OF THE POSH: AT SAKS'S DESIGNER DISEASE PARTY (LEFT TO RIGHT), NAN KEMPNER IGNORED CAROLINA HERRERA, WHO LISTENED TO CAROLINE AMORY; ADOLFO TALKED, IT APPEARS, TO HIS IMAGINARY FRIEND, OR PERHAPS TO ANNETTE REED, WHO ENDUR



MAKE THAT 15 SECONDS: art boys Trey Speegle and Marcus Leatherdale stand before glamorous Bruce Weber photos of impoverished Brazilians and wait to be discovered at the photographer's Robert Miller (formerly Crispo) Gallery opening.

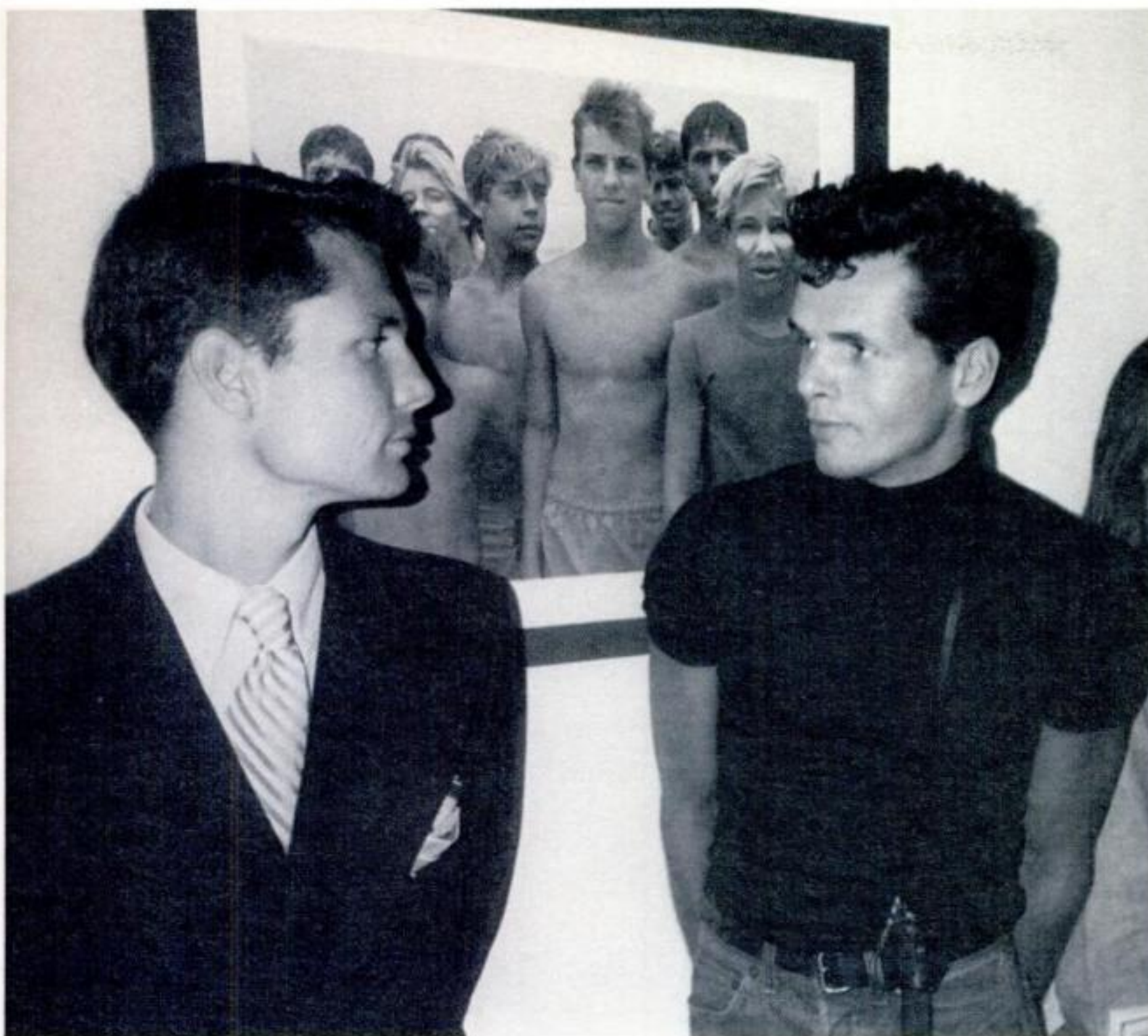
Party Poop



David Brenner with his uncle at the comedian's coming-out party at Stringfellows, the seventies revival nightclub.



ALSO PRESENT were Billy Dee Williams, Freddie Jackson, Billy Preston and especially Melba Moore.



AT A PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE TUXEDO'S CENTENNIAL, ROBIN LEACH DOES.

JERZY KOSINSKI OOZES RAKISH CHARM ON FELLOW HAS-BEEN BIANCA JAGGER AT THE GREENWICH POLO CLUB.



CURIOSITIES MICHAEL MUSTO, DIANNE BRILL AND JAMES ST. JAMES CAVORT AT ANOTHER ONE OF VITO BRUNO'S AD HOC PARTIES.



A MATCH MADE: SYDNEY BIDDLE BARROWS AND R. COURI HAY



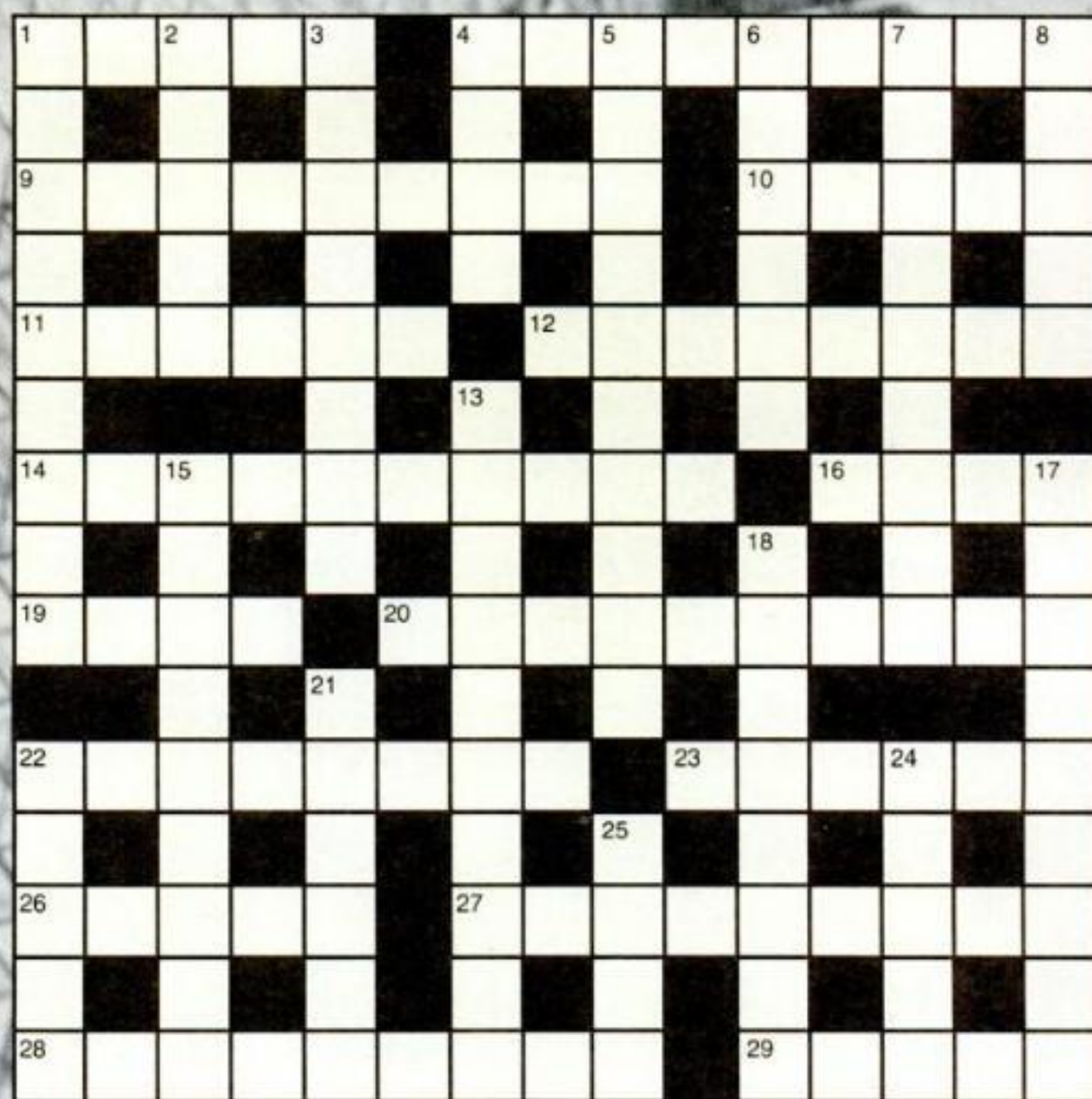
SCARY DON KING ACCEPTS HIS "CRACKBUSTER OF THE YEAR" AWARD.

THE NEW CLUB 4D, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO LOOK LIKE THE FLINTSTONES' FUNERAL PARLOR, SURE WAS FUN FOR A DAY OR SO. TOOTHsome LISA E. LET MASON REESE STAND NEXT TO HER FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.



...ID, WHILE LOUISE MELHADO GOSSIPED WITH BILL BLASS; NINA GRISCOM SMILED STRENUOUSLY ALONGSIDE GEOFFREY BEENE, WHILE HE ...SMOKER NANCY KISSINGER; AND OSCAR DE LA RENTA MAY WELL HAVE BEEN PLANNING A RIGHT-WING MILITARY TAKEOVER WITH PAT BUCKLEY.





THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Thread missing from Froot Loops (5).
4. Fate worse than 6 Down? Not in England (7,2).
9. Sailor boy rumored part of camp dinner (9).
10. Neil isn't anymore (5).
11. Discouraging word to energized Joe: get down! (6).
12. Backward fools surround liberal terminal, describing splinter in hub (8).

14. Journalists respect the odd wedded trio (6,4).
16. Is this done? Sho' nuff (4).
19. Eccentric Jake goes both ways (4).
20. In decline, Divine Oscar did not long for this earth (or a Gomorrah, begorra!) (3,4,3).
22. Windswept aunt a soft touch (8).
23. Non-Texan school depository (6).
26. For the present,

- engineer's not civil (5).
27. Thrush-shaped? Otherwise I'm for leaving that little item behind (9).
28. Jerry did this to Dick and—hey—pretty well for himself (9).
29. Titia flounces out of legitimate mixer, promising a better smile (5).

DOWN

1. Kickoff sit-down shuffled up the floor in a rush (4,5).

2. Lamented noncom hustle, Cheerio! (5).
3. E.g., gators negotiate terrain like Little Egypt (8).
4. Cousins do thith (4).
5. Out of that shell, Ms. or Mr. (10).
6. Out, okay, Ed? (6).
7. Heads may nod (9).
8. Summoned close up in a mirror (5).
13. Papa's fickle river (3-7).
15. What Mama steeled herself with, tongue in

- check, swallowing a lot (4,5).
17. Just me, Molly and empty-nest heaven (3,3,3).
18. Pulling lever at amazing players' home (8).
21. Leatherneck's rough energy (6).
22. On the fourth, traditional transitions (5).
24. Hero of yesteryear corrals corral, only to wilt under pressure (5).
25. Guard's changed, school's out, so're you (4).

A Reader's Guide
to Who's Who in the
Current Crop of

Romans à Clef

by Elizabeth Royte

Real people behind fictional characters—they are the innocents by association, fame or a failed marriage. For the writers of romans à clef, their originals do double duty: they save them the effort of creating their characters whole, all the while generating the undue interest of a *People*-besotted public in guessing who's really whom. The device is certainly not new—Maugham, Dickens, Tolstoy and Waugh have all lifted identities from among colleagues and friends. In his book *The Originals*, William Amos notes that Evelyn Waugh tried in vain to convince Cyril Connolly that he was not Everard Spruce in Waugh's novel *Unconditional Surrender*, but that "'Everard Spruce' is indisputably Connolly all the same." It was Waugh's own view, according to Amos, that "no offense will be taken by an original, however closely portrayed, provided he is presented as being attractive to women."

THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

by Tom Wolfe

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, to be published next spring)

As it appeared in serialized form in *Rolling Stone*, Wolfe's first novel portrayed a British journalist named Peter Fallow, a Hawaiianized man-about-town. Speculation on the origins of this character centered on Anthony Haden-Guest. The description of Red Pitt, a fashion doyenne with "a face as thin and hard as an upland walking stick" who's known, sotto voce, as "the Bottomless Pitt" because "her extreme diet regimen had cost her the entire conformation of her backside," indicates, to some, Diana Vreeland. Al Land, a defender of radicals and pacifists, seems inspired by William M. Kunstler, attorney for the Chicago 7.

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

by Jay McInerney

(Vintage Contemporaries, 1984, 182 pages, \$5.95)

The unnamed magazine is *The New Yorker*, of course; the Druid, its editor, is William Shawn. Tad Allagash, a night-crawling, "shallow and dangerous" bon vivant, is said to have aspects of his character drawn from two of McInerney's close friends: Morgan Entrekin, an editor with his own imprint at the Atlantic Monthly Press, and Gary Fisketjon, the press's editorial director.

ELBOWING THE SEDUCER

by T. Gertler

(Viking Penguin, 1984, 306 pages, \$5.95)

Although Gertler denies having used real-life models, similarities have been noticed between Howard Ritchie, a promiscuous professor and editor of a literary quarterly—"a medium for talent, not a possessor of it"—and Alfred A. Knopf editor Gordon Lish.

THE GREAT PRETENDER

by James Atlas

(Atheneum, 1986, 277 pages, \$15.95)

Poor Jim Atlas. The book took a terrible drubbing at the hands of the critics this year. If it just hadn't been so self-serving. After finishing his coming-of-age memoir, originally called *The Early Years* and meant to be the first part of his autobiography, Atlas wisely changed the book's voice from first-person to third. His hero, Ben Janis, is an aspiring writer with unusual priorities: he'd rather browse in secondhand bookstores than go to bed with the various women who proposition him. "Every ejaculation represented a point off my SATs." When Ben climbs into a bathtub for a ménage à trois with two co-eds, one of them murmurs, "M-m-m-m... Just like a lollipop!"

Eleanor Josephs, a Radcliffe senior who drags Ben to bed on their first date, is said to be modeled on Atlas's former girlfriend Marjorie David. David earlier roasted Atlas, it seems clear, as Charlie, a smug pedant who "vault[ed] his way into the academic empyrean with such ease that one would have thought he'd been a careerist all his life," in her 1982 novel *Primavera*.

Ben's best friend, Bob Wolin, a fanatic for box hockey, is loosely based on Atlas's childhood friend R. D. Rosen, author of *Strike Three, You're Dead*.

Warren, a young English publisher with a "vociferous horror of homosexuals," is loosely based on Michael Schmidt, a former roommate of Atlas's at Oxford and founder of Carcanet Press in England. The professor Morgan Ames, known for his "manic episodes" of violence and hysteria, possesses certain characteristics of Robert Lowell's.

Romans à clef generate the undue interest of a People-besotted public in guessing who's really whom.



HEARTBURN

by Nora Ephron

(Pocket Books, 1983, 223 pages, \$3.50)

By now, there are few secrets here. Everybody fares poorly, including the reader. Mark Feldman, husband of cooking heroine Rachel Samstat, is based on Carl Bernstein. Feldman's skunk-striped beard, though, is that of Patrick Caddell. Thelma Rice, with whom Mark has an affair, is based on Margaret Jay, wife of Peter Jay, former British ambassador to the U.S. Charlie, Rachel's first husband, is loosely based on Ephron's first husband, Dan Greenburg, author of *How to Be a Jewish Mother*. The Feldmans' best friends, Arthur and Julie Siegel, are based on Richard Cohen, *Washington Post* columnist, and his wife, Barbara. The gossip Betty Searle is based on Sally Quinn. The psychiatrist is supposedly modeled on Mildred Newman, author of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend*.

HOT PROPERTIES

by Rafael Yglesias

(E. P. Dutton, 1986, 408 pages, \$16.95)

Yglesias denies that *Newstime* editor Richard Rounder (a blond, blue-eyed former Navy pilot who founded *New South*, a slick, glossy life-style magazine), is former *Newsweek* editor William Broyles (a blondish, blue-eyed former Marine and a founding editor of *Texas Monthly*). And he rejects Dustin Hoffman and Paul Newman, Shana Alexander and Joan Didion, Michael Korda and Dick Snyder—all names suggested by the press—as models for the actor Bill Garth, the journalist Paula Kramer and the editor Bob Holder, respectively. "I know it sounds like bullshit," says Yglesias. "If you understand the psychology of social positions, you'll come up with real people." The hard-schmoozing Paul Friedman, "a fat, unshaven fellow whose bottom button on his shirt had popped off, exposing his navel," is believed to be based on preternaturally energetic PR mogul Bobby Zarem, who, in turn, is believed to be based on Larry Fine, one of the Three Stooges.

HOW HE SAVED HER

by Ellen Schwamm

(Knopf, 1983, 274 pages, \$13.95)

This novel relates in great detail how a man bearing similar characteristics to those of Schwamm's husband, Harold Brodkey, the world's greatest writer and author of *First Love and Other Sorrows*, came into her life. Lautner, as he's called, has "the highly specialized eroticism of heavy machinery" and is worshiped as much as feared by his lover.

REGRETS ONLY

by Sally Quinn

(Simon and Schuster, 1986, 556 pages, \$18.95)

Quinn, a former *Washington Post* reporter and *CBS Morning News* anchor, has divided her own ample charms and characteristics between Allison "Sonny" Sterling, the beautiful White House correspondent of a daily Washington newspaper, and Lorraine Hadley, a world-class Washington hostess. It has also been suggested that Pamela Harriman, wife of the late Averell Harriman, is the prototype for the hostess. Desmond Shaw is Washington bureau chief of *The Weekly* and Allison's lover. Quinn's husband, Ben Bradlee ("those dark eyelashes, that mouth, that firm jaw. . . He'd seen his own effect on too many women"), is former Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*. Quinn's Lady Edwina Able-Smith, wife of the British ambassador, is said to be modeled on Thelma Rice in *Heartburn*.

SLAVES OF NEW YORK

by Tama Janowitz

(Crown, 1986, 278 pages, \$15.95)

Janowitz "coily confesses" to *New York* magazine that what is fact and what is fiction in her book may forever be confused. Others not so coy give names to the composites. In the book, Stash is a ponytailed artist who paints cartoon characters. In real life, the author's former boyfriend, Ronnie Cutrone, sports a ponytail and shows Woody Woodpecker paintings at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery. In the book, the dealer Victor's artists are "famous for painting cartoon characters, primitive computer-

like drawings, rip-offs of Navaho and African art." In real life, Shafrazi's roster of artists paint cartoon characters, too. Victor bombs the information desk at MoMA; Shafrazi defaced *Guernica*.

SOCIAL DISEASE

by Paul Rudnick

(Knopf, 1986, 195 pages, \$14.95)

Caronia Desti, legendary "editrix of *Glaze* . . . a leading lifestyle publication," has as a prototype Diana Vreeland. Nastassia Kinski's assertions in *Interview* that she is more than just a star were the inspiration for the actress Rattalia, who complains, "No vun knows Rattalia. Chust millions. . . . All dey vant is boozums. . . . But Rattalia, che is more. Che is like de sea. I write pome jabout it. I write many pome." The doorman, "the humble pivot on which Manhattan nightlife turns," is based, says Rudnick, "on people about whom you wonder, *Are they talented or do they just wear wigs?*" One of these people is Sally Randall, a doorman at Palladium known for her fright wigs and brusque manners.

A SPLASH OF RED

and COOL REPENTANCE

by Antonia Fraser

(W. W. Norton, 1984, 229 pages, \$13.50;

Norton, 1982, 222 pages, \$12.95)

Fraser, who's married to Harold Pinter, has modeled the debonair literary editor Jamie Grand, a minor character in both of these mysteries, on John Gross, a former editor of the *London Times Literary Supplement* and now a *New York Times* book critic.

SPLENDOR & MISERY

by Faye Levine

(St. Martin's Press, 1983, 277 pages, \$13.95)

Sarah Galbraeth, "the literary queen of Cambridge," plans to marry fellow *Crimson* writer Michael Verhoeven, the "one young brave at the center by virtue of grace, prowess, and beauty," until she falls in love with his best friend, Nestor Schwartz, a "smart, bad person . . . intellectually old, but emotionally young." Verhoeven is rumored to be based on Hedrik Hertzberg, former editor of *The New Republic*. His best friend is Jacob Brackman, who is, by all accounts, intellectually old but emotionally young.

WISHFUL THINKING

by Howard Blum

(Atheneum, 1985, 286 pages, \$16.95)

In his novel, Blum, a former staff writer at *The Village Voice*, apparently used himself as the model for the self-satisfied writer Russell Lewis, one of the "young, gifted, and moody protégés from *City* magazine." Max Fox, "the renowned radical journalist," is surely based on one of the *Voice*'s founders, Dan Wolf. Norman Mailer, who at one time wrote the *Voice* column *The Hip and the Square*, can be fairly matched with "Hip Talk" columnist Matt Waldman. ☺

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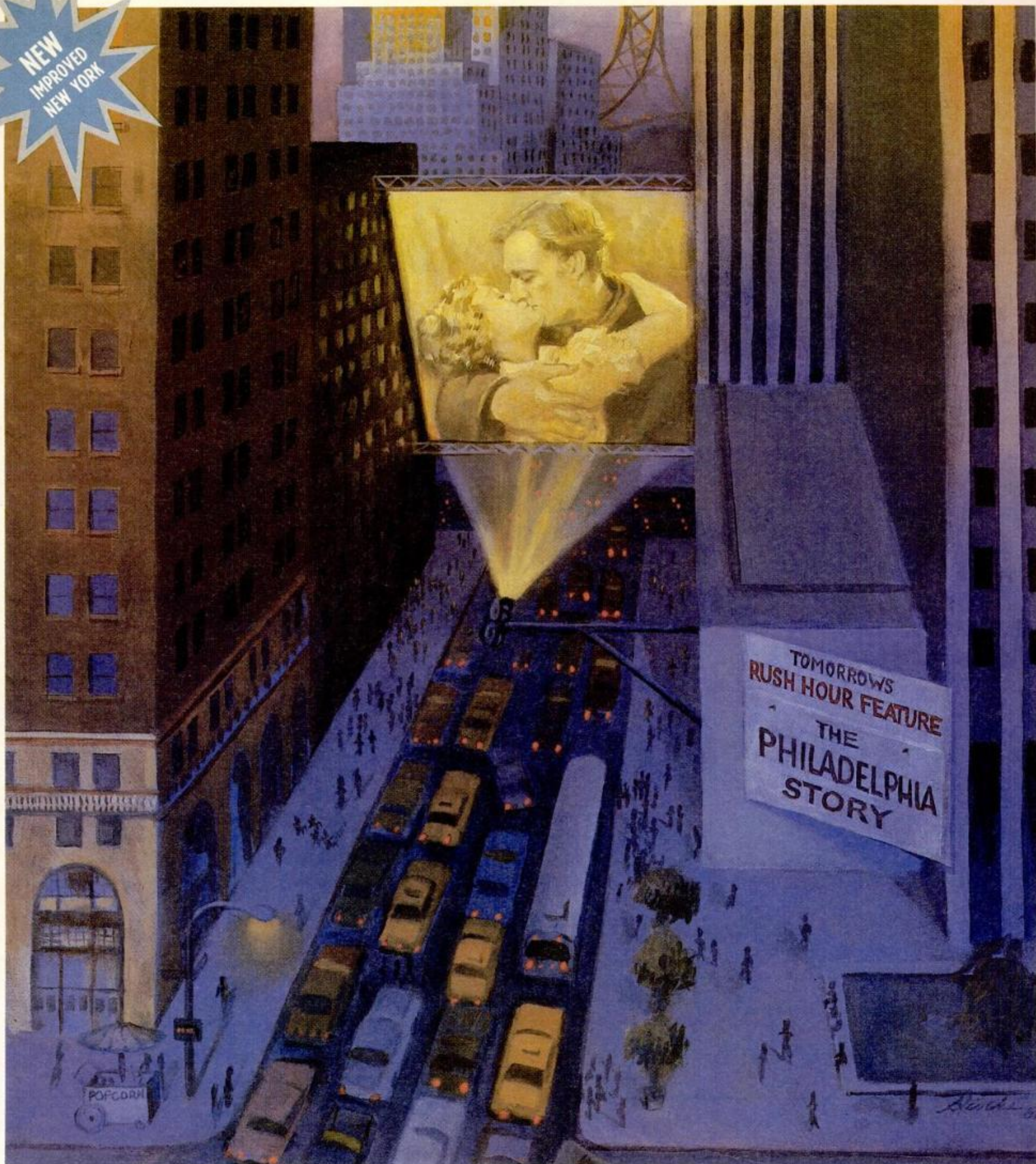


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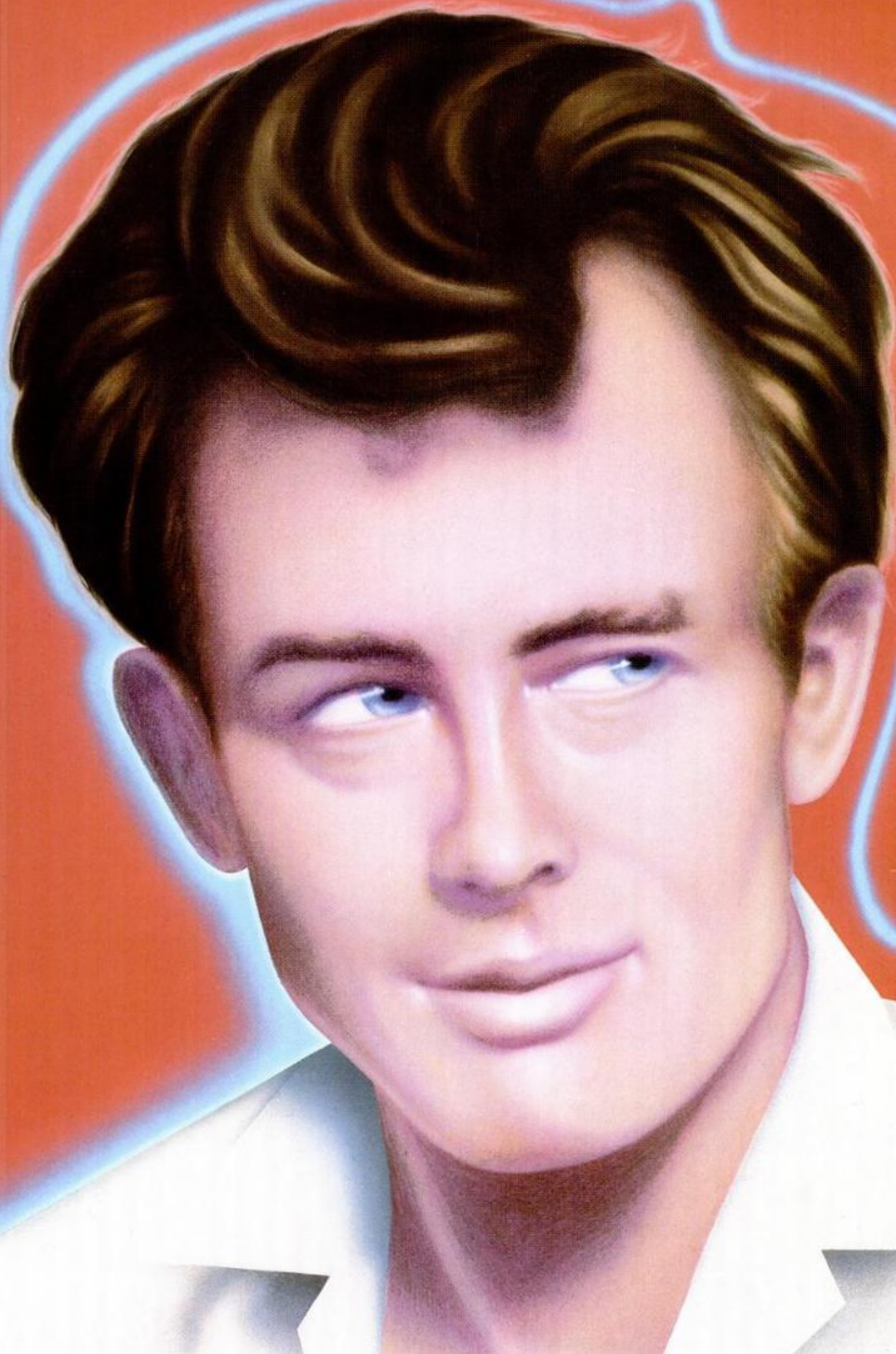
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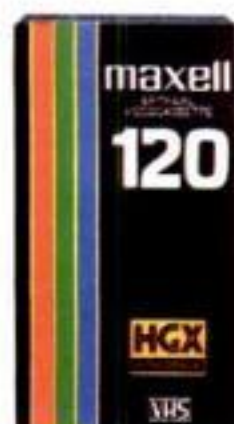
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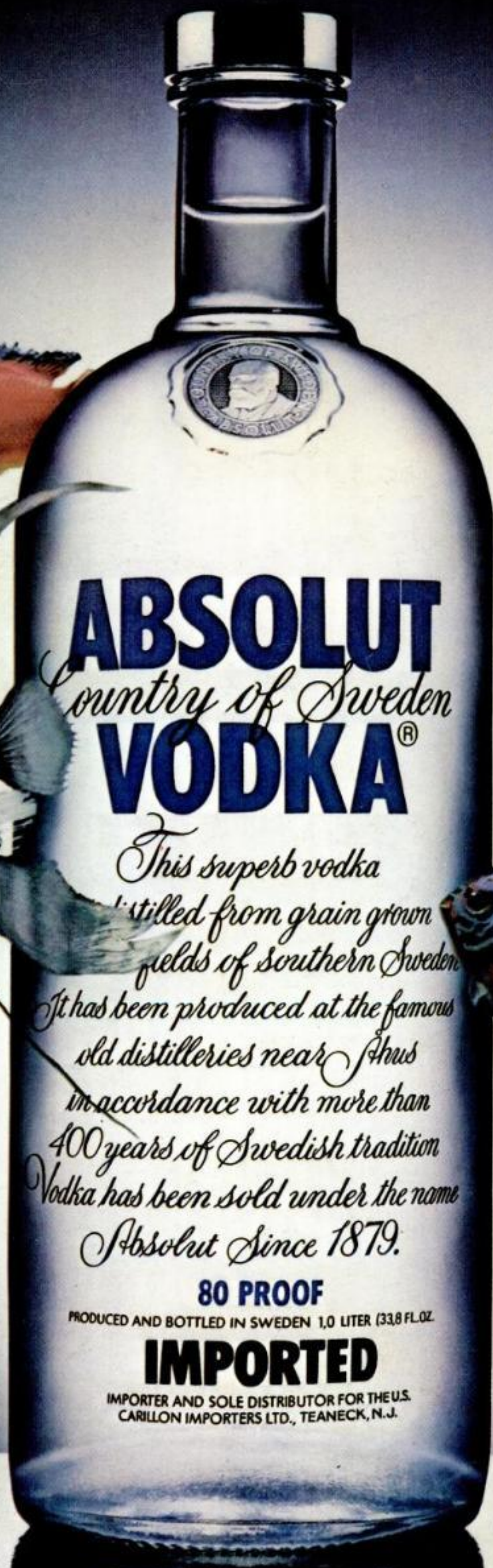


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